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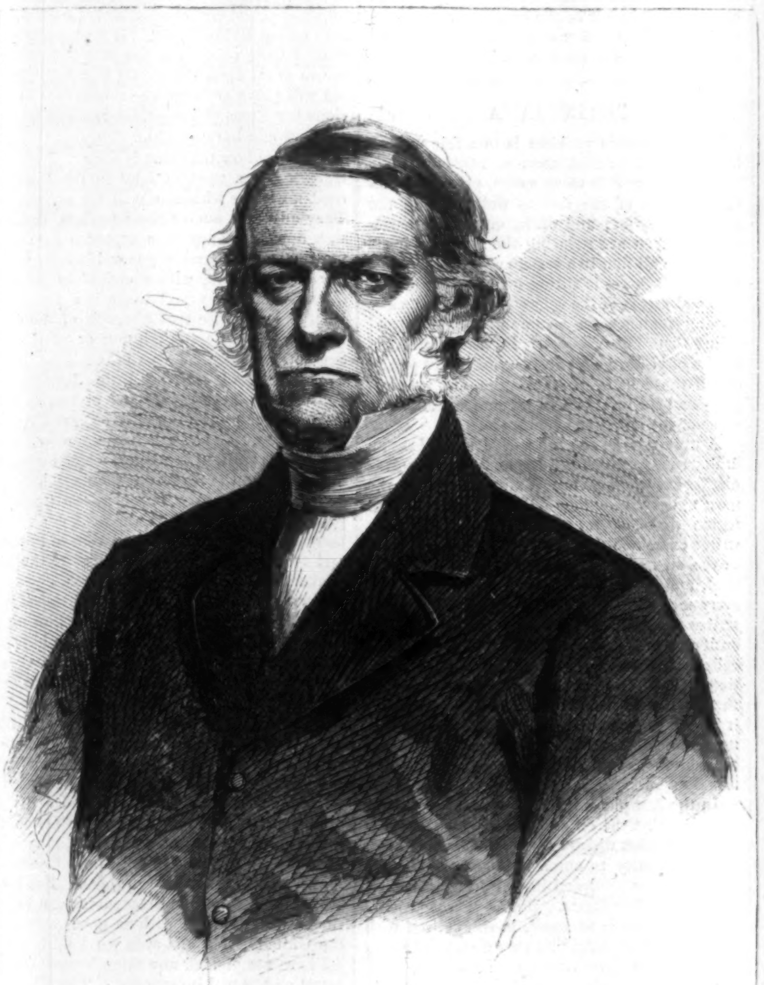
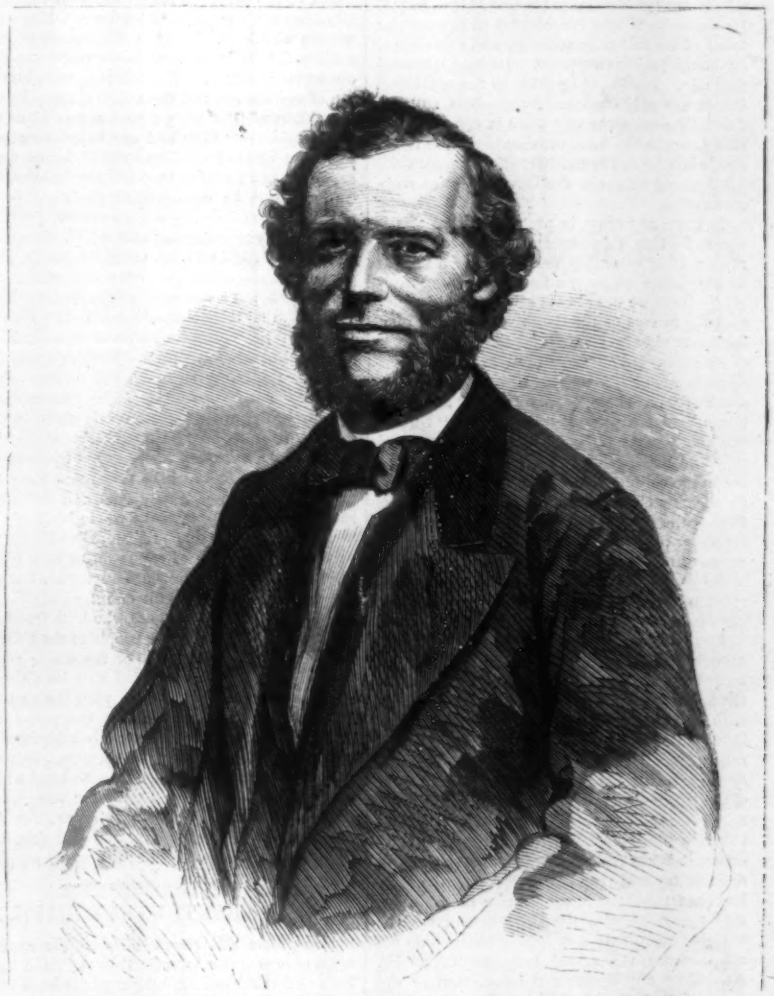
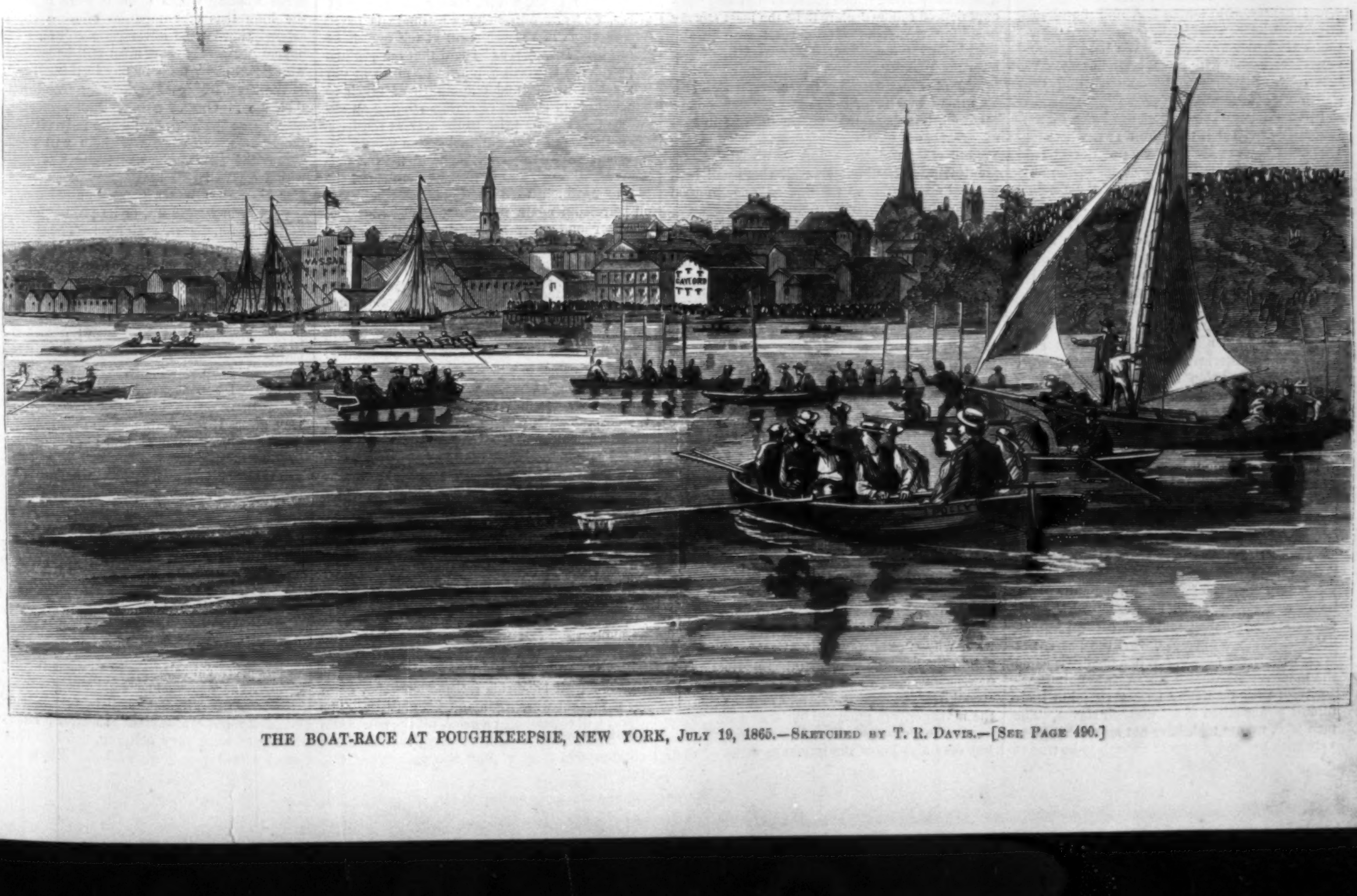


THE LATE RIGHT REVEREND ALONZO POTTER.—Photographed by Gurney.—[See Page 490.]



THE LATE REV. NEWTON HESTON.—Photographed by R. A. Lewis.—[See Page 490.]



THE BOAT-RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK, July 19, 1865.—Sketched by T. R. Davis.—[See Page 490.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 5, 1865.

A PLAIN DANGER.

APPARENTLY we are in some danger of not learning from experience. The spirit of infidelity of popular institutions and of hostility to the Union and Government having proved its character and purpose by a war continued with unparalleled ferocity until it failed from sheer exhaustion, it is now gravely proposed that we shall act as if that spirit were no longer dangerous, simply because, for the present, it is exhausted.

There could be no more fatal mistake. Civil war is neither a cure nor a palliative of the spirit from which it springs. The traditions and education of "the South" are what they always were. The dominant class of that section is not less dominant because it is defeated. Its authority is now consecrated in the popular mind of its region by suffering and misfortune. Its haughtiness is supreme. Its hate is unconquerable. It soothes its pride by the conviction that it was only overcome by numbers, and disdainfully awaits the day when it can again try its fortune in the field, or, should that be hopeless, when its sullen passivity of resistance shall paralyze all efforts of the Government at reorganization.

Is there any sense in pretending that this is not so? Can there be any folly more signal than that of regarding the feeling of a section as merely the spleen of a few disappointed leaders? Have we not always said, and said truly, that the masses of the South were swayed by a dominant class? Do we think they have ceased to be so swayed? Even the Governors provisionally appointed by the United States still speak of "our cause," "our armies," and "the South." Even a paper noted for its "Unionism" must be suppressed for the unconcealed rage and hostility of its tone. We have yet to see in the columns of a single journal, or to hear in the speech of a single orator in the rebel States, the faintest indication of the least fidelity either to the spirit or to the form of the Government of the United States. Governors and generals and editors and orators advise submission to superior force. "We can not help ourselves," is the burden of their strain.

Has any man who has read history or studied human nature any doubt of the inexpressible hatred to this Government which smoulders in the hearts of those whose lips nimbly repeat an oath of allegiance? Let any one who doubts talk with any late rebel, or read the public correspondence from the region lately in rebellion, or the private letters of those who were and are of the dominant class, or let him take the testimony of any of our authorities in the South, or compare the editorials written there—let him reflect that not one solitary, spontaneous movement of any truly popular or representative body has been made for reorganization through sincere sympathy with the Government, and he will find some reason to believe that we do not misrepresent the actual condition of affairs. And if by any chance some one, man or woman, of that dominant class, standing amidst the total wreck of fortune, in the midst of universal bereavement—homeless and hopeless—should read these words, he would cry, "Yes! thank God, you are right! We hate you and your Government with an undying hatred! We believe your crimes to be colossal, and your guilt not to be described!"

Shall we be told that these are but a discontented few? But if they are a few, where and who are the many? Ten years ago every man who knew any thing in this country of the public situation was perfectly aware of the absolute disunion of opinion and sympathy, and political and social faith, between the free and slave States. The haughty society that came to the Northern watering-places in the summer, and to the New York hotels in the autumn, mingled chiefly—with notable exceptions—with those who were as obsequious to them as their own slaves. The great body of representative American society held aloof. This Southern class reviled the American principle, and fiercely protested its devotion to "the South." It is sickening to remember that swagger after this bloody lapse of four years.

But this class was numerous; it was not small. It represented the wealth, the intelligence, the traditional leadership of its section; and what governs any ignorant multitude but intelligence, wealth, and tradition, unless the power of all these forces be paralyzed by the consciousness of a class or a race that such forces have been steadily used to wrong them? The Southern slave-masters have always controlled the ignorant class of their own color in whose name, as a superior race, they enslaved the colored class. But they could not control human nature. They could not outwit the heart, nor bribe the love of liberty. When the crisis came the master-class carried the overwhelming majority of their own color with them; but their utmost power failed to seduce their slaves. The men who, we are told, have not sense enough to vote with us, had yet sense enough to be true to us against all persuasion of treason. A late letter in the *Herald*, from Alabama, says that the rebels in that State confess the free labor of blacks to have been a success wherever it was directed by Yankees. "They say if a Southern man takes up a newspaper and reads any thing to a negro, he will not believe a single word of it; but let a Yankee pretend to read, and make up the most improbable lie imaginable, and he will take it for gospel truth." Will any body be kind enough to prove why, if the slaves would not fight with their masters, the freedmen will vote with them?

The degree of faith in State Sovereignty and adhesion to Slavery may have varied, but the white population of the rebel States was practically a unit before the war. It was practically a unit during the war. Who will deny that it is practically a unit now. No glozing or gilding will hide the fact. No sentimental drivel about "brethren" will help us organize the results of the war any more than it prevented the war. Men whose chief point of honor is contempt of the principle of our common Government are not our political brethren. Men and women who have gloried in the torture of our soldiers for defending that Government are not our social brethren. Their fathers were brethren of our fathers, and their children may be of our children. But the generation that hates us and despises our faith and our hope—however free from vindictive feeling our own hearts may be, and it is a fact that they are absolutely so—can no more be considered "brethren" in a practical sense than any other enemies.

Any steps at reorganization which disregard these plain facts will be utterly futile. The prime necessity of our policy is a comprehension of the truth, not a statement of the theory. The possibility that this spirit of hostility may regain control of the Government must be inflexibly prevented at whatever cost. If there really be no such possibility so much the better. But that must not be assumed. The presumption is entirely the other way. While there is yet a doubt, the force of the United States should be fully maintained every where. Let freedom of speech, and freedom of the press, and absolute personal freedom be established and defended in the rebel States. Let the whole body of the adult male population be registered and suffered to vote, if you will. Let the forms of a truly free republican Government be secured, but do not commit the fatal fault of intrusting them, without supervision, to those who hate freedom and the republic. Let the people of the United States retain absolute hold of the whole rebel region until they are satisfied that its citizens will co-operate in good faith with the rest of the country. We believe that the principles of the American system are fully adequate to the perfect pacification of the country. But we are quite as firmly persuaded that the loyal white people of the late rebel States are not strong enough, nor united enough, to secure the observance of those principles, and that this can be done only by the power of the whole people.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Soon after this paper is issued the experiment of laying the Atlantic Telegraph will have been again decided. All the auguries have been consulted and are found most favorable. The season of the year which the shrewdest and most experienced sailors declare to be the least stormy has been selected. The largest ship in the world carries the cable. The wire itself has been made under the best superintendence, and tested at every step by the severest science. The mere marvel of the enterprise can not be renewed, but the actual public interest in it is as great and universal as ever. Should the present effort fail, there will be no fatal disappointment. Should it succeed there will be a general satisfaction at the new advance in good neighborhood and civilization.

So immediate and intimate a union of America and Europe must be of quite incalculable advantage to the world. Distance between nations occasions ignorance, and ignorance begets hostility. If the people of the Southern States, for instance, had been less ignorant they would never have made war upon the Government, and just in the degree that the people of Europe and America know each other will they be disposed to keep the peace. Peace is a necessity of modern civilization. The clearer the conflict appears between individual welfare and war, the larger the true peace party of the world becomes. Thus, if the people of the Southern States had believed what Alexander H. Stephens told them, they would have preferred his advice to that of Robert Toombs.

There seems to be some objection to the exclusiveness of the company upon the *Great Eastern*, and to the probable rates of charges for conveying messages. But both these matters appear to be peculiarly the business of the company. If the directors choose to have an authentic account of the process of laying the wire, why should any body object? They can obtain the services of as skillful reporters as the newspapers, and they have nothing to gain by "cooking" the reports. And as for the charges, the managers are practical business men. They know the consequences of prohibitory prices, but they also know the immense value of their monopoly if the experiment succeeds. We must believe that they will not invite and actually compel competition. They must be assumed to understand how long they may enjoy a monopoly if they manage it wisely. If they do not, they will be the sufferers. If, however, they count upon competition as, in any case, inevitable, they will naturally make hay while the sun shines.

Meanwhile we await patiently the issue of the great experiment. If it fail this time it will be renewed. There are certain things which are sure to be done. If the present resources of science are baffled by the elements, or by some cause only to be revealed by the experiment, then science will sharpen its resources and genius will grapple with the impeding cause. Faith has no right to despair, for it saw De Sauty muttering and murmuring ever fainter and fainter and disappearing seven years ago at this end of the line, and beholds him now reappearing at the other with a fresh cable and renewed hopes and instruments. We can imagine his impatience. We can figure the excellent antediluvian chafing and fretting for the moment when he can seat himself in the ooze upon the Newfoundland shore and announce to the expectant world "*All right.*—De Sauty."

PETROLIANA.

The petroleum problem is in a fair way of being solved. Exact records, kept for some three years, enable us to gauge, pretty certainly, the yield of the various wells, and of the great oil district; and while, on the one hand, scientific men are reducing the apparent vagaries of the oil flow to a system governed by fixed laws, Wall Street is sitting in judgment on the financial aspect of the subject, and is day by day passing sentence on sham oil companies and ruling them out of court. In the course of a couple of years the oil business will have passed out of the domain of speculation, and its prospects and its returns will become as certain as those of the anthracite coal trade.

A work now in the press of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, "The Oil Regions of Pennsylvania," etc., by William Wright, contains the most exhaustive survey of the great petroleum region that has yet appeared in print. The writer examined every well that has been sunk in the oil region, and records the history, product, and present condition of each; studied every method of boring and pumping in use, describes them all, and criticises each from a scientific as well as from a practical stand-point; collected all the statistics extant on the production of and traffic in petroleum, and groups them so intelligently that, with his book in hand, it is easy to generalize, and, within certain limits, to forecast the future of this most important branch of our national production and our national exports.

In the first place, it may be roughly set down as a fact that the oil region of Pennsylvania is the only region which as yet produces oil in sufficient quantity to enter into general calculations. Oil is produced in Ohio, Virginia, New York, and other States. But as yet the product of these States is so small, in comparison with that of Pennsylvania, that they need not be considered in a general review of the subject.

Next, the actual product of oil in Pennsylvania is set down at 3,500,000 of barrels of crude oil for the year 1865, worth, taking an average of prices, $24,000,000. This estimate is based on the value of the crude oil at the mouth of the wells. It may thus be said that our product of petroleum is worth a quarter as much as our product of wheat, and one-eighth as much as our product of corn or of cotton—taking an average of five years prior to the war as the basis of an estimate of our national cotton crop.

When we try to go further than the facts already ascertained, and to forecast the future, the old mist which used to cloud all reasonings on petroleum again impedes our vision. Mr. Wright and other authorities on the subject consider eighteen months the natural life of a well. Some last longer than this; but the great majority "give out," and refuse to yield, even under the most vigorous pumping, before they are a year old. But oil may be struck successfully, and ever-flowing wells discovered within a few feet of a well which has been exhausted: so that the owner of a productive tract need never despair so long as he has a square rood of ground unexplored. It may further be remarked that the deepest wells now in operation are but 500 to 600 feet deep. The early wells which produced so much oil, and made so many fortunes, were but 300 feet deep. It is now argued by scientific men that the great oil deposits which underlie the earth's surface are not to be reached until a well has been sunk at least 1000 or 1200 feet. This is not the place to adduce the scientific arguments upon which this theory is based. Suffice it to say that to many common-sense persons they seem to commend themselves to approval. If they are sound, we shall soon have as many 1200 feet wells as we now have 500 feet wells, and the yield of the past affords no data for gauging the probable yield of the future. Borers for oil have this satisfaction—they cater for a market which can not be glutted. The world will consume, at a price, all the petroleum which can be produced. Europe increased her consumption from 10,000,000 gallons in 1862 to over 30,000,000 gallons in 1864, and will take 100,000,000 gallons in 1866 if they can be furnished at a suitable figure. If the oil deposits at 1200 feet depth realize the predictions of professors, Pennsylvania may yet enjoy the proud satisfaction of lubricating and lighting up the world.

To pass from the practical subject of boring in the earth for oil to the consideration of oil stocks as instruments of stock-gambling in Wall Street is an easy descent of Avernus. Yet there are probably as many readers of this periodical who are interested in the one as in the other. When, for the punishment of our follies, United States stock, subscribed for at $5 a share, rose to $36, and after falling back to $12 rose again to $30, and paid during a series of months such dividends that it was deemed cheap at the money, and was bought for investment not only by oil-princes but by sound business men in every branch of trade, and put away with bonds and other "fire-proof" securities, an example was set which has cost a confiding public millions of dollars. It is safe to say that the stock of five hundred petroleum companies is in the market here and at Philadelphia. It is also safe to say that of these companies not fifty will give any return at all upon the money invested, and not ten will prove as lucrative investments as judicious purchases of low-priced railroad bonds or stocks would have proved.

Consider how the thing is done. Jones and Brown buy a tract of land in the Petroleum region, with or without a well, for say $10,000. They advance, out of their pockets, $7500 to sink a well. They then organize a company under the abominable general manufacturing law of New York, with a capital of $200,000 (many managers would make it a round million), and advertise that $50,000 of the capital is open to public subscription at 50 per cent. See how it works. Jones is President, Brown Treasurer, and all the little Joneses and Browns, with a heavy banker or two as decoys (whose stock costs them nothing) are Directors. If the $50,000 stock is taken up, a sum of $25,000 is realized in money, which pays Jones and Brown the $17,500 they originally adventured, and leaves $7500 in the treasury to pay salaries. Meanwhile, the stock derives some market value from the subscription of $50,000; and after giving $20,000 thereof to the heavy bankers for the use of their names, Jones and Brown divide $130,000 between them, which makes both pretty comfortable if a flowing well happens to be struck, and the public happen to fancy the investment.

There are prizes in oil wells as there are in lotteries. But it may safely be assumed that neither in this nor in any other trade will it do to reckon upon exorbitant profits. Where the real investment is $25,000 and the nominal investment $250,000 a dividend of one per cent. per annum will be handsome, and a dividend of one per cent. a month may be prima facie set down as fraudulent. Extraordinary luck—as in the case of the United States Company—may lead to extraordinary profits. But for one such case two hundred companies can be mentioned which started with as good prospects as the United States, and even when fairly successful have not yielded any thing beyond good interest on the real investment. The thing is so plain, indeed, that it would hardly be worth while wasting words upon it were it not that the long lists of companies offering stock for subscription in the advertising columns of the papers prove that there must still be greenhorns who throw away their money in this oil-gulf.

We say nothing of companies fraudulent on their face. One or two of these concerns are now before the courts, and the only pity is that the knaves who contrived them will probably escape the Penitentiary. Another company—which we will call the "Hannibal Company" (for Hannibal was a great General too)—has not yet been wound up, or its promoters sent to State Prison. But, patience! The "Hannibal" was based on a capital of nothing. There was a floating rumor that it owned a farm in Kentucky, or a vacant lot in Brooklyn; but nothing was known for certain. The stock was put on the Petroleum Board at $2 a share. The President ordered his broker to buy 100 shares which the Secretary ordered his broker to sell. So a quotation was made. Next day Director A. ordered 100 shares bought at an advance, while Director B. ordered the like lot sold. Day after, Director B. was the purchaser, and A. the seller. Then C. and D., also directors, ordered their brokers to buy or sell, as the case was; all the transactions, from first to last, being confined to the conspirators, and no outside person having bought or sold a share. Now there are in Wall Street a class of speculators who are called Bears, who are always ready to sell short any stock of which they have a poor opinion. To some of these speculators the conspirators contrived by various ingenious devices to convey the idea that "Hannibal" was in a bad way. Orders to buy were given by officers of the company to speculative brokers, and these orders were canceled again in a great hurry as though the officers had suddenly received bad news. After a time the bait took. Speculators began to sell "Hannibal" short. At first the directors were very obliging. They lent the stock whenever they were asked. But in a short while, when the short line became large enough to spring the trap, they called their stock in, and began to bid up the price. The stock rose in a few days from $2 a share to $32. To say that the operation was a swindle was no consolation to those who had sold that which they hadn't got and couldn't get. Every share of the "Hannibal" was owned by the original conspirators, and their game was to make money not by boring for oil, but by boring for greenbacks in the pockets of the silly Bears of Wall Street.

Readers who want to speculate in oil stocks, go to the fountain-head. Club together half a dozen of you, buy a farm, and sink a well. If you don't "strike 'ile" you will know, at all events, how much you can lose, and you will have the land, at the worst, to grow hay. But the money you pay for oil stocks in Wall Street you may set down at once as thrown away. Not one in two hundred of you will ever get it back again.

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

General Strother, the Adjutant-General of Virginia, is reported to have had an interview lately with the President, in which he said that there might be some foolish old men and worthless young ones left in Virginia, but that the main body of the people were undoubtedly loyal to the Government of the United States and the State of Virginia.

This was an interesting statement. It had not, indeed, been confirmed by a previous election in some of the counties, but it doubtless would be at the next election. We went on reading the paper in an agreeable frame of mind, glad to believe that our apprehensions were incorrect, when lo! upon reaching another column in the same journal, we encountered these remarkable headings: "The Richmond elections. Success of the old rebel candidates. The rebel soldiers do the voting."

It seems that an election had been held in Henrico County, of which the city of Richmond is the county seat, two days before the interesting interview of General **Strother** with the President, and the returns indicated "beyond doubt the entire success of the ticket whose candidates and supporters are both still dyed in secession, and who hope by being reintrusted with civil power to maintain their treasonable heresies, and again breed war based upon this pestilence......The voting to-day has been done chiefly by the paroled rebel soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia," who are "young and bitter," and were influenced by the late rebel officers and the leading civilians of the excepted classes under the amnesty.

How could we expect any thing else? Is it in human nature for the men who have been forced to surrender by the arms of the United States to turn round and support that Government heartily by their votes? Yet we are not sorry that the election took place. Let it be made as plain as possible to the people of the United States that the reorganization of the rebel States can not be safely intrusted to a special class of the population who are secretly hostile to the Government. That people will then see that if there are not enough truly loyal citizens to reorganize the States, there will be no harm in waiting. Haste is desirable in the matter. But to make haste slowly is a wise maxim.

THE ROPE AND THE RING.

To hang a man at the end of a rope is said to be the worst use you can put him to. But it may certainly be a greater service to society than to suffer him to walk along the same rope stretched over a gulf. If **Blondin** had fallen into the abyss at Niagara the public verdict would have been that he died as the fool dieth. Yet every spectator whose presence encouraged him should have been held an accessory to his death. And so with those who by their presence encourage **Harry Leslie** to do what **Blondin** did.

Harry Leslie is a follower of the Frenchman's. He walks upon a rope over the Niagara River below the Suspension Bridge, and an enraptured gentleman, having witnessed the edifying feat, desires to "put it upon record as one of the grandest feats in funambulism ever attempted." It blew violently. "As it swept through the gorge it seemed as relentless as the noisy waters beneath *which gave it echo*." Heavy bets were made that **Leslie** would not attempt to cross. Foolish betters! The enraptured gentleman knew that **Harry Leslie** "would make the ascension if any man on earth dare attempt it; and he did do it in magnificent style." He "made his appearance in due time on the American side; was shackled hands and feet with heavy iron chains, with barely freedom enough allowed him for the use of his balance-pole. His handsome wife and pretty child watched the arrangement of the preliminaries with a genuine anxiety, which was only relieved when he had accomplished his marvelous feat. ......We think every body felt relieved when he concluded his return walk and kissed his wife and baby."

If the law lays its hand upon gentlemen who go to Niagara to risk their lives by pommeling each other, why should it refrain from touching a gentleman who risks his life by walking in a high wind on a cord over a roaring gulf? And if the reply be, that the law can not undertake to meddle with fools who choose to throw away their lives, may we inquire why it meddles with fools who choose to have their faces beaten to a jelly? Men are not necessarily killed in a boxing-match nor in walking over a whirlpool upon a rope. The character of the crowd also in both cases is similar. The gentry who assemble to see an "acrobat" walk over the Niagara River are quite as dangerous to the public peace as those who meet to encourage eminent champions of the prize ring. There is no good reason why the ring should be prohibited by a law which tolerates the rope.

NEW JERSEY.

The Union men of New Jersey have spoken in their convention, and will speak again at the polls, as we believe, in the election of **Marcus L. Ward** as Governor. The soldiers of New Jersey, whom the Copperhead party forbade to vote because they were fighting for the country, are now at home. They know who has been their faithful and untiring friend. They know whose heart and hand have been always open, and full of sympathy and assistance. They know that among the many good and true men of New Jersey the one who would especially be called the soldier's friend is **Marcus L. Ward**.

The New Jersey Union platform is strong and sound. It arraigns with great force the Copperhead influence which has controlled the State, and unreservedly supports the Emancipation Amendment. It reaffirms also the fundamental truths of the Declaration of Independence, and announces that the doctrine that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed is not a "glittering generality." This is the best principle in national reorganization. In affirming their adhesion to it the Union men of New Jersey place themselves by the side of their brethren in all the other loyal States.

Upon the method of establishing this principle in States where it is denied, and which are to be reorganized by the national authority, the resolutions express no opinion. Under the circumstances silence was wise. In a State controlled hitherto by the most un-American of parties, and which under that influence rejected the Emancipation Amendment, deliberately choosing to chain itself to a corpse, it is wiser to announce a principle than to declare a policy. Representatives elected upon a righteous principle are not likely in this emergency to go wrong in practice.

The Union men of New Jersey may be very sure in their canvass of the most earnest sympathy of the friends of liberty, law, and a government founded upon the consent of the governed, throughout the country. Now that the New Jersey soldiers have given their sturdy aid in overthrowing the rebels, let them charge in the same spirit, but with different weapons, upon a similar enemy, the Copperheads at home.

THE FEAST OF SONG.

Spring brings the birds and the return of peace the singers. The Germans who come to this country fortunately bring with them their tastes, and do not omit to cherish and develop them here; and it is to the Germans that we owe that diffusion of musical interest which is becoming universal. The Italian opera remains an exotic, but the German song takes kindly to the soil. The opera is a fashion; but the song is a domestic necessity. The opera is an affair of kid gloves, laces, and Champagne. The song is dear to hard hands, to blouses, and lager beer.

The Chinese feast of lanterns is not so pleasant as the feast of music which the various German vocal societies held in the city of New York a week ago. They came from Philadelphia, from Buffalo, from Pittsburg, from Hartford, from Baltimore, and from many other cities, and devoted the day and night to processions, to concerts, to prize vocal tournaments, to picnics, to sports, to excursions, to jollity. With characteristic geniality the great multitude sang and drank and laughed and played and peacefully parted. A row is not the necessary end of a German pleasure-making. Indeed, the German genius for enjoyment transcends that of all other nations. The more we become Germanized the more we shall enjoy, and the more delightful our enjoyment will be.

The great concert at the Academy was not only delightful by its music, but was very instructive by its manners. There are two parts in a concert—the performing and the hearing. Each is in a great degree responsible for the other. When the performance is poor the attention is wearied; and when the audience is distracted the performer is careless. Now in a truly fine concert it is unpardonable to whisper and annoy those who, by wishing to hear, have a right to be there, which the whisperer has not. To rise and bustle out before the end and during the concluding performance is as indecent as to flourish out of church during the benediction. "My dear young lady," said an elder dame to a miss, who was giggling and flirting during the performance of one of Beethoven's symphonies, "do not forget that some of us came to hear the music, and not you."

The earnest silence of the listeners at the Academy, the intelligent appreciation, the sincere applause, the mutual respect of singers and hearers, were as instructive as they were unprecedented. The jeweled and perfumed audience of the opera at the Academy would smile at the suggestion that lager-drinking "Dutchmen" and "frouzy dowdies" could sit in their seats and teach them manners in an opera-house. But they did it. It was truly delightful to remark the sympathetic attention of the spectacle. May it be often repeated! May every summer bring the glee-clubs after every spring has brought the choirs of birds!

A GOOD SIGN.

We observe with pleasure that the President is very generally reappointing instead of replacing the officers who have proved their ability and patriotism during the late Administration. By this wise policy the angry excitement of universal office-seeking is allayed, and the animosities that follow universal changes are avoided. More than that, the country secures the services of men who are accustomed to the details of duty, and who have established their fitness for the positions they hold. One of the most demoralizing maxims of our politics is rotation in office; and every thing which tends to retain in the public service honest and capable officers is an incalculable advantage. If the great multitude of offices were held during good behavior, much of the asperity and corruption of our politics would disappear. The doctrine of rotation in office is but another form of the principle that to the victors belong the spoils. They both spring from the most unscrupulously partisan and immoral conception of popular government.

We remark among the reappointments the name of **Richard H. Dana**, Jun., as District Attorney of Massachusetts. Apparently the President is not alarmed by what one of our excellent but a little hasty neighbors contemptuously called the "factious," "menacing," "dictating," and "sectional" tone of the meeting at which Mr. **Dana** made one of the most forcible, temperate, practical, and conclusive speeches ever heard in Faneuil Hall. The truth is, that at the meeting in question Mr. **Dana** and the other orators expressed their sincere views upon a great public question. That is precisely what the President wishes and the country needs. And if all who differ should imitate a bad example and fall to abusing each other, how should we be any nearer the solution of the problems before us?

POLTROONERY.

It is curious to observe how ineradicable is poltroonery. When the Southern leaders were plotting the rebellion, and preparing to strike at the Union and Government, there was a class of persons and papers in the Free States which was constantly denouncing "the disorganizers and radicals of the North" as exasperating such lambs as **Davis**, **Slidell**, **Wigfall**, **Mason**, and the rest, and goading even those mild and forbearing brethren into rebellion. Of course when the lambs were ready and attacked the Government, the same lick-spittles declared that the "wicked radicals at the North" were the guilty party, and that the poor erring lambs were greatly to be pitied and forgiven. Now that their attack is abortive and the States are to be reorganized, the same old truepennies turn up again, and inform us that "the radical revolutionary faction and secessionists of the North" are at their old tricks. They are abusing those Southern lambs again. They compelled them to try to get out of the Union, and now they are trying to prevent the innocents from getting in. If only the howls of the "Northern incendiaries" could be silenced we should hear the soft coo of secession doves and the plaintive bleat of rebel sheep.

Doubtless the people of the loyal free States have much to answer for. But is it not just possible that their fellow-citizens who made war upon the country to save slavery are not altogether guiltless? Or, indeed, is it only your shivering poltroon who thinks each side equally wrong, and who cries lustily, "Good Lord! Good Devil!" who is truly pious?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

The political situation presents many grave problems. Elections are soon to come off in many of the Southern States for delegates to the several State Conventions. It is reported that the recent election in Virginia has resulted favorably to secession candidates. It is difficult to see how this can be the case under the conditions imposed upon the voters, and reports of this nature are not to be too readily believed. Yet there is only too much ground for apprehension that in many districts the old secession leaders may be able to exercise a great measure of their former influence. In Tennessee Governor Brownlow is taking the matter well in hand, much to the disgust of his Copperhead opponents. The Governor is determined that the laws in regard to the election shall be executed at all hazards. His task is a difficult one. The candidates for Congress are addressing the voters in different parts of the State, the secessionists in their speeches impudently denouncing both the National and State Governments. In addition to the troubles of political agitation, several counties in the central portion of the State are still infested by bands of guerrilla robbers.

Provisional Governor Perry, of South Carolina, has prepared and forwarded to his State from Washington a proclamation appointing an election to be held on the 6th of November next to choose delegates to the State Convention, which is to assemble on the 20th of the same month.

Governor Parsons, of Alabama, has issued his proclamation announcing the inauguration of measures for the restoration of civil government in that State. The 31st of August is the day appointed for the election of delegates to the State Convention, which is to assemble on the 10th of September. The greater portion of the county and town officers who, under the rebel *régime*, were officiating on the 22d of May last, when rebel authority ceased, are reappointed to the positions, which they are to hold during the continuance of the provisional government; but they are all required to take the oath of allegiance to the National Government, and to give new bonds for the performance of their duties. The Governor comments on the present condition of the South and the ruin and suffering which the war has caused, but informs the people that notwithstanding this they have to-day every political right which they possessed before the war, excepting the right to hold slaves; and slavery, he tells them, is irrecoverably gone, and it is the part of wisdom to make the best they can of the new order of things. Governor Parsons estimates that 122,000 Alabamians engaged in the war, of which 70,000 are dead or disabled.

Governor Johnson, of Georgia, has also issued his proclamation calling a State convention and appointing a day for electing delegates thereto. The election is to be held on the 4th of October, and the convention will assemble in Milledgeville on the 25th of the same month.

General Palmer, military commander in Kentucky, has issued an order giving freedom and granting passes to all the slaves who will leave the State, and a great exodus of these people to the north side of the Ohio River is in progress.

NEWS ITEMS.

There have been received at Fortress Monroe, during the past two weeks, 180 iron guns, late the property of the rebels, and mounted on the approaches of Petersburg and Richmond. These guns are all of large calibre, ranging from seven to ten inch. The ten-inch guns were taken from Fort Darling. They are of rebel manufacture, and nearly new, having been cast in 1864.

Major-General Ord denies the following newspaper statements: "The arrest of General Lee, the Petersburg (Va.) *News* says, was ordered by Secretary Stanton. General Ord, in command at Richmond, offered his resignation rather than execute the order. General Grant interfered, and the arrest was recalled. General Ord says: 'The whole statement is false. No such order was ever issued; and, had it been issued, my duty would have been to obey. The statement which leads to the inference that I declined to obey an order because I thought it unpleasant, improper, or uncalled for, is unfounded in fact and in principle, a severe and unjust reflection upon me as a soldier, and not upon Secretary Stanton.'"

During the year ending July 1, 1865, the receipts of *Harper's Weekly* on which taxes have been paid amount to $430,000. This represents a larger patronage, we believe, than is accorded to any other weekly paper.

Chief Engineer William W. W. Wood, United States Navy, will soon leave New York to take charge of the school of naval engineer cadets which will be located at Annapolis, Maryland, with the Naval Academy.

Colonel Charles F. Wolcott, of the Massachusetts Sixty-first regiment, has been appointed Brevet Brigadier-General for gallant and meritorious services during the recent operations, to bear date of April 9, 1865.

Major-General Steadman has assumed command of the Department of Georgia, and Major-General Brannon of the District of Savannah.

The old Penitentiary building at Washington is to be pulled down. The prisoners have been removed to other places of confinement.

Major-General Hooker assumed command of the Department of the East, head-quarters at New York, on the 15th of July.

General M'Dowell, commanding at San Francisco, has made public the sentence of the military court at that place in the case of the rebel pirates arrested last year in the Pacific, near Panama, by some of our naval officers, on charge of attempting to capture the American steamer *Labrador*, running between Panama and Central American ports. They were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged; but General M'Dowell has commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life in the cases of the leaders, and to ten years in the cases of the remainder.

From the 30th of May last, when the disbanding of our armies commenced, up to and inclusive of the 17th July, two hundred and eight thousand soldiers were sent from Washington over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The Secretary of the Navy has directed the reduction of the Atlantic squadron to ten vessels and the Mississippi squadron to five.

The Secretary of War has declared null and void all orders of district, post, or other military commanders in the South imposing restraints or punishments on the colored freedmen to which the white citizens are not subjected.

A disaster occurred on July 21 on the Ohio Central Railroad, owing to the breaking of an engine wheel. The number of killed and wounded was over thirty. Eight soldiers and one civilian were instantly killed.

Father Walter, Mrs. Surratt's spiritual adviser, some friends who are likely to do him no good. He recently charged against Secretary Stanton that the latter would allow Mrs. Surratt no spiritual adviser except on the condition that this adviser should publicly express no opinion as to the prisoner's innocence. On the 20th of July General Hardie published a full and authentic statement proving that every item of the charge was a falsehood. According to General Hardie's statement, "The Secretary of War expressly and readily assented to the visit of a Catholic clergyman to Mrs. Surratt. He made no condition as to any conviction of the clergyman as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, or as to any thing he might say on the subject." Now Father Walter's friends, it is reported, are preparing for publication a paper with the intention of refuting General Hardie. Father Walter was known throughout the war as one of the most bitter, uncompromising, and malicious rebels in the community where he resided, and his animosity toward the Government has increased rather than diminished.

The duty of placing the manacles upon Mrs. Surratt, escorting her to the gallows, and supporting her until the trap fell, devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. H. M'Call, of Lewisburgh. When placing the irons upon her wrists she told him he was no gentleman, or he would not do so. Colonel M'Call told her that it was his unpleasant duty, in obedience to orders, and not his choice. Her parting salute to him was, "You are a scoundrel!" which were about the last audible words she uttered.

FOREIGN NEWS.

From recent European advices it appears that the London *Index* has suspended publication.

On the 9th of July the *Beatrice*—lately the privateer *Rappahannock*—was in dock at Liverpool—a circumstance of some interest when it is considered that Secretary Seward has communicated to foreign governments his determination to seize all privateers wherever found.

It has been finally settled that the *Great Eastern* was to leave Valentia with the Atlantic Telegraph cable on the 19th of July. It is expected that she will arrive at Heart's Content in the beginning of August.

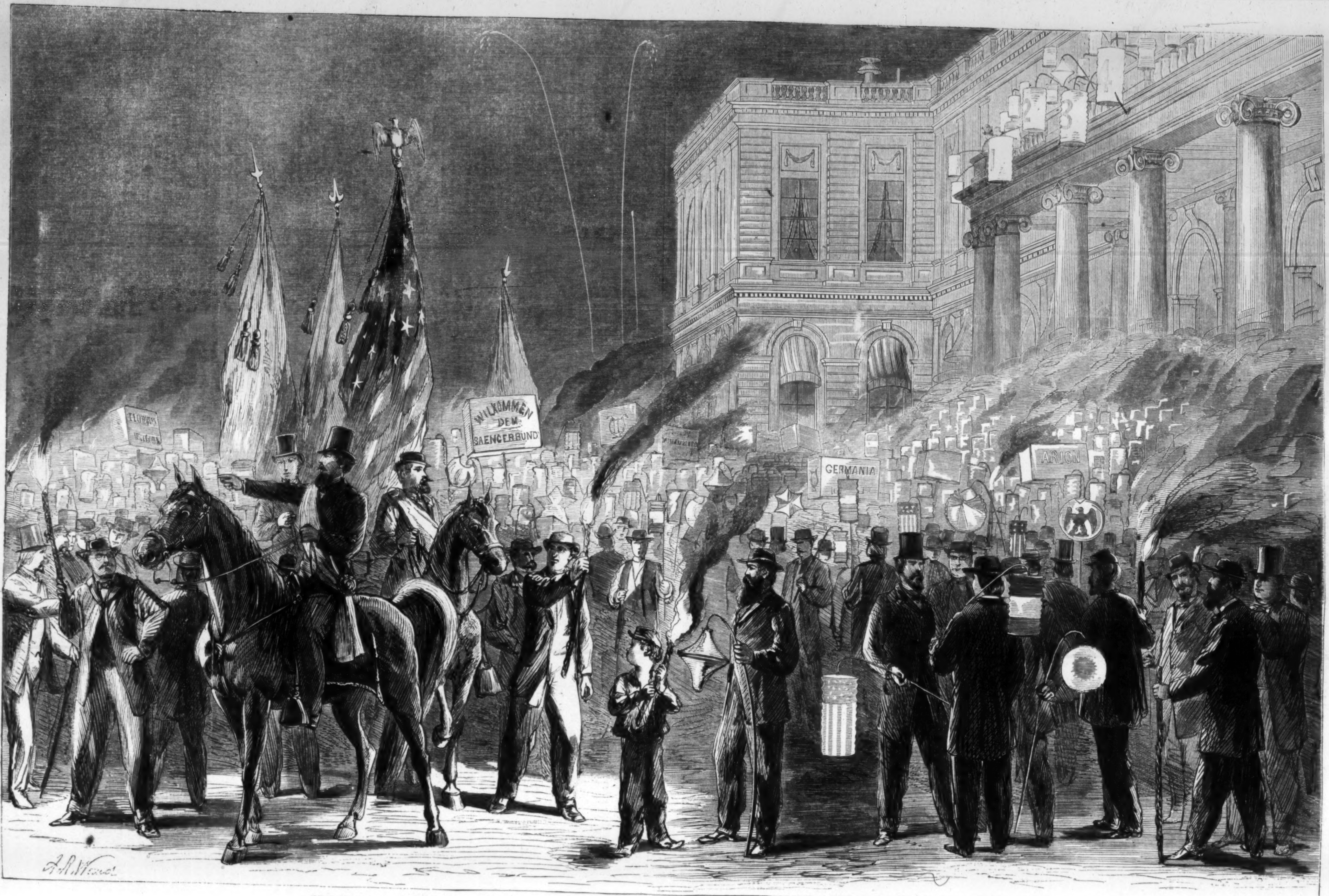
The British Parliament was dissolved on the 6th, and writs for a new election were immediately issued. The returns so far as known show that Liberalism is coming out ahead; at the latest the Government had a majority of eighty-two. John Stuart Mill has been returned for Westminster. Mr. Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown," has also been returned.

While the Atlantic Telegraph cable is just about to be laid we learn that the Persian Gulf cable, which is three-fifths the length of the Atlantic cable, has been interrupted. The Persian cable is not one continuous line, but is divided into sections.

Forty-three additional passengers have been saved from the ill-fated *William Nelson*. Three hundred and fifty-two German emigrants remain yet to be accounted for.

The session of the Corps Legislative of France closed July 4. On the 4th a fête was given at the Pre-Catelan, in Paris, by Mr. Bigelow, the American Embassador, in celebration of our national anniversary.

In Egypt the cholera was diminishing at latest advices.


WILKOMMEN DEM SAENGERBUND
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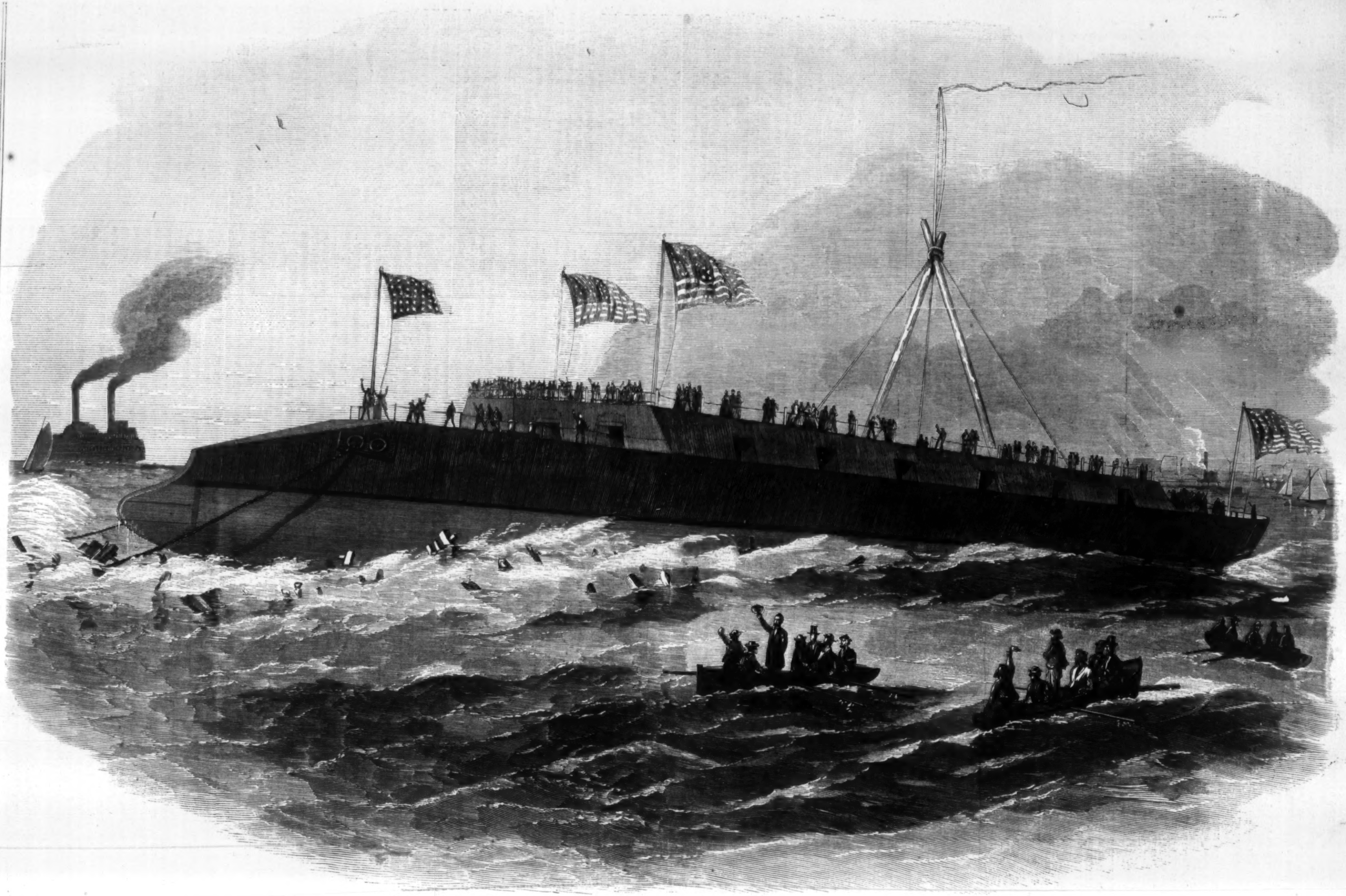
RECEPTION OF THE GERMAN SINGING SOCIETIES AT THE CITY HALL PARK, JULY 15, 1865.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 490.]



THE LAUNCH OF THE IRON-CLAD "DUNDERBERG," July 22, 1865.—Sketched by C. Parsons.—[See Page 490.]

THE CASTAWAY.

On either hand is the wide, wide sea,
And high overhead the deep blue sky,
And clinging fast to a broken mast
Is one who searches with eager eye
Over the ocean deep and vast.

The sun climbs up to his highest noon
And gazes down from his dizzy height;
The tall waves dance in his terrible glance,
And sparkle and flash with a dazzling light,
Like the sheen on a burnished lance.

Afar in the distance the white sails shine
And seem for a time to draw more near,
Making his heart with a wild throb start,
Then leaving a pang as they disappear,
Like the sting of a poisoned dart.

Down to his bower in the distant west,
Hour after hour the hot sun slopes,
And the shadowy night veils the ling'ring light;
And heavy as lead grow the castaway's hopes
As the day fades out to his sight.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By Amelia B. Edwards,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RICH MISS HATHERTON.

An evening party at Castletowers was a momentous affair. It involved a good deal of expense and a vast amount of anxiety; for the hereditary coffers were ever but scantily furnished, and the hereditary hospitality had to be kept up at any cost. How some of Lady Castletowers' few but elegant entertainments *were* paid for was a secret known only to her son and herself. Sometimes an oak or two was felled in some remote corner of the park; or the Earl denied himself a horse; or the carriage was left unrenovated for half a year longer; or her ladyship magnanimously sacrificed her own brief visit to London in the season. Any how, these extra expenses were certain to be honorably met in such a manner that only the givers of the feast were inconvenienced by it.

On the present occasion, however, Lord Castletowers had been compelled to apply to his solicitor for an advance upon his next half-yearly receipts; and when William Trefalden went down that Thursday morning to see his cousin Saxon he brought with him a check for the Earl. The party was fixed for the following evening; but Mr. Trefalden could not be prevailed upon to stay for it. He was obliged, he said, to go back to town that same night by the last train; and he did go back (after making himself very pleasant at dinner) with Saxon's signature in his pocket-book.

It was a very brilliant party, consisting for the most part of county magnates, with a sprinkling of military, and a valuable reinforcement of dancing men from town. Among the magnates were Viscount and Lady Esher, a stately couple of the old school, who, being much too dignified to travel by railway, drove over with four horses from Esher Court, a distance of eighteen miles, and remained at Castletowers for the night. The Viscount was lord lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county, and had once held office for three weeks as President of the Board of Perquisites; a fact to which he was never weary of alluding. There, too, were Sir Alexander and Lady Hankley, with their five marriageable daughters; the Bishop of Betchworth and Mrs. Bunyon; Mr. Walkingshaw, of Aylsham, one of the richest commoners in England, with Lady Arabella Walkingshaw, his wife, and their distinguished guest, Miss Hatherton, of Penzance, whose father had begun life as a common miner, and ended it with a fortune of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These, together with Lord Boxhill; His Responsibility Prince Quartz Potz, the Prussian Envoy; a few local baronets and their families; an ex-secretary of legation; and a number of lesser stars, parliamentary, clerical, and official, made up the bulk of the assembly. There were also three or four celebrities from the lower paradise of arts and letters—Sir Jones de Robinson, the eminent portrait painter; Signor Katghuttini, the great Dalmatian violinist; Mr. Smythe Browne, the profound author of "Transcendental Eclecticism," and Mrs. Smythe Browne, who wrote that admirable work on "Woman in the Camp, the Council, and the Church"—a very remarkable couple, whose distinguishing characteristics were that Mrs. Smythe Browne wore short hair and shirt-collars, while the sandy locks of Mr. Smythe Browne floated upon his shoulders, and he displayed no vestige of linen whatsoever.

By nine o'clock the guests began to arrive. By ten the reception-rooms were well filled, and dancing commenced in the great hall. Though rarely thrown open to the light of day, the great hall, with its panelings of dark oak, its carved chimney-piece, its Gothic rafters, and its stands of rusty armor, some of which dated back to the field of Agincourt, was the glory of Castletowers. Brilliantly lighted, decorated with evergreens and flowers, and echoing to the music of a military band, it made such a ball-room as one might vainly seek in any country but our own.

Lady Castletowers received her guests near the door of the first reception-room, looking very stately, and more like Marie Antoinette than ever, in her glitter of old family diamonds. Gracious to all, as a hostess should be, she nevertheless apportioned her civilities according to a complex code of etiquette. The smile with which she greeted Viscount Esher differed by many degrees from that with which she received Sir Jones de Robinson; and the hand extended to Mrs. Smythe Browne was as the hand of an automaton compared with that which met, with a pressure slight yet cordial, the palm of the rich Miss Hatherton.

"But where is the noble savage?" said this latter, surveying the room through her double eye-glass. "I have heard so much about him, my dear Lady Castletowers, and I am dying to see him!"

Miss Hatherton was a tall, handsome young woman of about five or six and twenty, with black eyes, fine teeth, a somewhat large, good-natured mouth, and a very decisive manner. She made one of a little privileged knot that was gathered behind Lady Castletowers; and amused herself by criticising the guests as they came up the stairs.

"The noble savage!" repeated Lady Castletowers. "Whom *can* you mean, Miss Hatherton?"

"Whom should I mean but this young man who has inherited the famous legacy?"

"Mr. Trefalden? Oh, he was here but a few moments ago. There he stands, by the fire-place."

"The Antinous with the golden curls? But, my dear Lady Castletowers, he's absolutely beautiful! And he doesn't look savage at all. I had expected to see a second Orson—a creature clothed in raiment of camel's hair, or the skins of wild beasts. I declare I am disappointed."

"Mr. Trefalden is a very pleasant person," said Lady Castletowers, with a faint smile. "And very unassuming."

"Is he indeed? Pleasant and unassuming—dear me, how very charming! And so rich, too! Worth millions upon millions, I am told. I used to think myself above the reach of want at one time, but I feel like a pauper beside him. Who is this stout person now coming up the stairs, covered with as many stars as the celestial globe?"

But before Lady Castletowers could reply, the name of His Responsibility, Prince Quartz Potz, was thundered forth by the groom of the chambers, and the noble Prussian was bending profoundly over the fair hand of his hostess.

"What a funny little fat man it is!" said the heiress, in her loud way, looking after His Responsibility through her glass, as he passed on toward the adjoining room.

"Prince Quartz Potz, my dear Miss Hatherton, is a highly distinguished person," said Lady Castletowers, greatly shocked.

"Oh yes—I know he is."

"He is distantly connected through his maternal great-grandmother, the Margravine of Saxe Hohenhausen, with our own Royal Family; and the present Grand Duchess of Zollenstrasse is his third cousin twice removed."

Miss Hatherton did not seem to be at all impressed by these facts.

"Ah, indeed," said she, indifferently. "And this fine man with a head like a lion—who is he?"

"Mr. Thompson, the member for Silvermere," replied Lady Castletowers, when the gentleman had made his bow and drifted on with the stream.

"What, the great Thompson? the Thompson who instituted that famous inquiry into the abuses of the Perquisite Office?"

"I do not know what you imply by 'great,' my dear Miss Hatherton," said the Countess, coldly; "but I believe Mr. Thompson's politics are very objectionable."

"Ah, I see you don't like him; but I shall implore you to introduce me, notwithstanding. I have no politics at all, and I admire talent wherever it is to be found. But in the mean while, I have lost my heart to Antinous, and am longing to dance with him. Do pray make us known, dear Lady Castletowers."

"Upon whom does Miss Hatherton desire to confer the honor of her acquaintance?" asked Lord Castletowers, who happened to come by at the moment. "Can I be of any service?"

"Of the utmost. I want to be introduced to this Mr. Trefalden, about whom all the world has been talking for the last five or six weeks."

"I will perform the office with great pleasure. Will you allow me to hand you to a seat while I go in search of him?"

"Thanks. And be sure you make him dance with me, Lord Castletowers—I want to dance with him above all things. He *can* dance, I suppose?"

"Of course. How can you ask such a question?"

"Because I have been told that he was a perfect wild man of the woods before he inherited his fortune—couldn't write his name, in fact, six weeks ago, and had never seen a sovereign in his life."

"If you mean that he has not yet been presented at St. James's, you are probably right," replied the Earl, smiling.

"What, a pun, Lord Castletowers? How shocking! I did not believe you capable of such an enormity. But do pray tell me a little truth about your friend; for I dare say I have heard plenty of fiction. Was he not really a barbarian, after all?"

"No more than I am."

"Is it possible?"

"Nor is that all. Saxon Trefalden has plenty of solid learning under those yellow locks of his, Miss Hatherton. He speaks French, Italian, and German with equal facility; he is a first-rate mathematician; and as for his Greek and Latin scholarship, I have known nothing like it since I bade farewell to the dear old professors at Magdalen College."

"Well, you surprise me very much," said Miss Hatherton, "and I can not deny that I'm disappointed. I had far rather he had been a barbarian, you know. It would have been so very delicious!"

"Perhaps, then, you will be consoled by finding him as unsophisticated as a child. But you shall judge for yourself."

And with this the Earl installed Miss Hatherton in an easy-chair, and went in search of Saxon. The heiress immediately turned to her nearest neighbor, who happened to be the Bishop of Betchworth, and began a conversation. It was Miss Hatherton's way to be always talking—and somewhat loudly, too.

"What have I done, my lord," said she, "that you have scarcely spoken to me this evening? I have a thousand questions to ask you. I want to know how the renovations are going on; and if you are really to have a stained oriel, after all. And what are you going to do about that grand carved old screen? I have been told it is past repairing, and can not possibly be put up again. I hope that's not true."

"I am happy to say that it is not," replied the bishop, who was a very handsome man, and much admired by the ladies of his diocese. "I believe we shall be able to restore the worst parts, and that it will keep its old place for the next two or three centuries. About the east window I am less hopeful."

"Why so?" asked the heiress.

"I fear we can not afford it."

"But how is that? I thought there was a large surplus fund in hand."

"There was; but we have found since then that the spire is in a much worse state than we had at first supposed; and to put it into thorough repair will swallow up the whole of our available money."

"Dear, dear, I'm so sorry!" said the heiress. "You really want the stained window. One misses the poetry of color in Betchworth Cathedral. How much would it cost?"

"More than we could hope to raise after the liberal subscriptions already granted. A thousand pounds."

"So large a sum? Ah, bishop, if I were one of your flock I should ask leave to put that window in. However, if you like to open a fresh list, you may put me down for two hundred and fifty."

"My dear lady," said the prelate, "what can I say in acknowledgment of such munificence?"

"Only, I beg, that you will try to get the rest of the thousand as quickly as you can. But here comes my partner."

And Miss Hatherton turned to Lord Castletowers, who had found and captured Saxon, and now stood with him beside her chair.

"Will you permit my friend Mr. Trefalden the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss Hatherton?" said he.

"I am delighted to make Mr. Trefalden's acquaintance, and shall be most happy to dance with him," replied the heiress, putting out her hand as cordially and unceremoniously as if Saxon were an old friend already. "What are they doing in the hall now, Lord Castletowers?"

"Finishing a waltz—which will be followed by a quadrille."

"Then we shall be just in time for the quadrille. Won't you find us a pleasant vis-à-vis?"

"Will you accept me, if I can find a partner?"

"Delightful! Bishop, we must have another moment's chat before the close of the evening."

Saying which Miss Hatherton gathered her ample skirts together, took Saxon's proffered arm, and swept through the room and down the wide old stairs in a very stately fashion.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE HOSPITALER'S GATE.

Mr. Keckwitch sat alone in a little private parlor at the back of the bar of the Hospitaler's Gate tavern, with a bottle of brown sherry and a couple of glasses before him, waiting patiently. It was the evening of the very day that his employer spent at Castletowers; but he had not, therefore, left Chancery Lane over five minutes the sooner, or neglected any detail of his regular work. He had, on the contrary, seen his fellow-clerks off the premises, and locked up the office with even more than his usual caution; for Abel Keckwitch was such a highly respectable man that he would not on any account have taken advantage of Mr. Trefalden's absence. He was waiting, as he had just told the "young lady" who presided at the bar in ringlets and pink ribbons, for a friend. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and although the sky was as yet only gray with dusk, the gas was already lighted; for the Hospitaler's Gate was a queer, old-fashioned, shut-in place, and the daylight always seemed to make a point of getting away from it as early as possible. There was, however, a bright fire burning in the grate, and the bar beyond was all alive with customers. The tops of the great yellow puncheons and the lacquered gas-burners were visible above the blind that veiled the half-glass door of the parlor; and now and then some privileged customer would peep over, stare at the back of Mr. Keckwitch's head, and disappear. But the clerk sat, all unconscious, gazing placidly at the fire, and never once looked round.

But for the brisk trade going on within the precincts of the Gate itself the place would have been singularly quiet. The passers-by just at this hour were few. Sometimes a cab drove up; sometimes a cart rumbled past, but not often. The great stream of traffic flowed close by, along a neighboring thoroughfare, and was hoarsely audible, like the dull roar of a heavy sea; but the Hospitaler's Gate stood apart, gray and hoary, and stored with strange old memories, spanning the shabby by-street with its battlemented arch, and echoing, in a ghastly way, to the merriment below.

Standing in the very heart of the City, within a few yards of Smithfield Market, and in the midst of the overcrowded parish of Clerkenwell, this rare old medieval fragment was scarcely known even by name to the majority of Londoners. To the Smithfield drover, the student of Bartholomew's, the compositors of Tallis's press, and the watchmaking population in general, it was a familiar spot. Archæologists knew of its whereabouts, and held occasional meetings in the oak room over the gateway, where they talked learnedly of Jorden Briset, the patriarch Heraclius, Thomas Docwrey, Stow, and King Harry the Eighth; and oftentimes moistened their dry discussions with rare old port from cellars that had once held good store of malmsey and sack for the pious knights' own drinking. Literary men remembered it as the cradle of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and as the place where Samuel Johnson, in his rags and his pride, ate his dinner behind a screen, like a dog fed from his master's table. But these were pretty nearly all who knew or cared about the Hospitaler's Gate. Hundreds of intelligent Londoners passed within fifty yards of it every day of their lives, ignorant of its very existence. Of the dwellers to the west of Temple Bar not one in a thousand knew that scarcely a stone's-throw from the Charter House walls there yet stood some portion of a far more venerable religious foundation, begun in the last year of the eleventh century, and linked with many strange and stirring episodes of English history. Even so true a lover of the antique and picturesque as Leigh Hunt passed it by in his pleasant memories of the town without a word.

But Mr. Keckwitch was thinking neither of the good Knights Hospitalers, nor of Dr. Johnson, nor of any thing nor any one just then, saving and excepting a certain Mr. Nicodemus Kidd, who had promised to meet him there about eight o'clock that Thursday evening. And Mr. Kidd was late.

The clock in the bar had struck eight long ago. The clock of St. John's Church close by had struck a quarter past, and then half past, and still Mr. Kidd was not forthcoming. The head clerk looked at his watch, sighed, shook his head, poured out a glass of the brown sherry, and drank it contemplatively. Before he had quite got to the end of it a jovial voice in the bar, and a noisy hand upon the latch of the glass door, announced his friend's arrival.

Mr. Kidd came in—a tall, florid, good-humored-looking fellow, with a frank laugh, a loud cheery voice, and a magnificent pair of red whiskers. The practiced observer, noting his white hat, his showy watchguard, his free and easy bearing, would have pronounced him at first sight to be a commercial traveler; but the practiced observer would for once have been wrong.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Keckwitch," said he, nodding familiarly to his entertainer, drawing a chair to the opposite side of the fire, and helping himself at once to a glass of wine. "Not my fault, I assure you. Sherry, eh? Capital sherry, too. Don't know a better cellar in London, and that's saying something."

"I'm very glad you have been able to look in, Mr. Kidd," said the head clerk, deferentially. "I was particularly anxious to see you."

Mr. Kidd laughed, and helped himself to a second glass.

"It's one of the peculiarities of my profession, Mr. Keckwitch," said he, "that I find the world divided into two classes of people—those who are particularly anxious to see me, and those who are particularly anxious not to see me. Uncommon good sherry, and no mistake!"

Mr. Keckwitch glanced toward the glass door, edged his chair a little nearer to that of his guest, and said, huskily:

"Have you had time, Mr. Kidd, to think over that little matter we were speaking about the other day?"

"That little matter?" repeated Mr. Kidd, in the same loud, off-hand way as before. "Oh, yes—I've not forgotten it."

He said this filling his glass for the third time, and holding it in a knowing fashion between his eye and the lamp. The head clerk came an inch or two nearer, and, bending forward with his two fat hands upon his knees, ejaculated:

"Well?"

"Well, Mr. Keckwitch?"

"What is your opinion?"

Mr. Kidd tossed off the third glass, leaned back in his chair, and, with a smile of delightful candor, said:

"Well, Sir, to be plain with you, I can give no opinion till you and I understand each other a little better."

Mr. Keckwitch breathed hard.

"What do you mean, Mr. Kidd?" said he. "Haven't I made myself understood?"

Mr. Kidd pushed his glass away, thrust his hands into his pockets, and became suddenly grave and business-like.

"Well, Sir," replied he, dropping his noisy voice and jovial smile as if they had been a domino and mask, "this, you see, is an unusual case. It's a sort of case we're not accustomed to. We don't go into things without a motive, and you've given us no motive to go upon."

The clerk's face darkened.

"Isn't it motive enough," said he, "that I want information, and am willing to pay for it?"

"Why, no, Mr. Keckwitch—not quite. We must be satisfied of the use you will make of that information."

"And supposin' I don't want to make use of it at all?"

"Then, Sir, I'm afraid we can't help you. We are not spies; we are a legal force. Our business is to promote the ends of justice—not to serve private curiosity."

Mr. Keckwitch looked down, silent, baffled, perplexed.

"I should have thought," said he, "that the mere fact of any professional man keepin' his home and his ways so deadly secret would be motive enough for inquiry. Where there's mystery there's safe to be somethin' wrong. People ain't so close when they've nothin' to hide."

"Some folks are eccentric, you know, Mr. Keckwitch."

"It ain't eccentricity," replied the clerk, promptly.

"What then?"

"I can't say. I may have my suspicions; and my suspicions may be right, or may be wrong. Any how, one can't see far in the dark."

"No, that's true," replied Mr. Kidd.

"If it was no more than his address I'd be satisfied," added Keckwitch, staring hard at the fire.

"Now, I tell you what it is, Sir," said the other, "we must have *your* motive. Why do you want to know a certain person's address? What is it to you where he lives or how he lives?"

"It is a great deal to me," replied Mr. Keckwitch. "I'm a respectable man, and I don't choose to work under any but a respectable employer."

Mr. Kidd nodded, and caressed the red whiskers.

"If, as I suspect, there's somethin' wrong somewhere," the clerk went on to say, "I don't want to be mixed up in it when the day of reck'nin' comes round."

"Of course not."

"And there's *my* motive."

"Have you always been on good terms, Mr. Keckwitch, with the party in question?"

This was said very sharply and suddenly, but the clerk's face remained stolid and inexpressive as ever.

"Well, Mr. Kidd," said he, "I can't say there's ever been much love lost between us. I've done my duty, and I don't deny that he's done his; but we've been neither friends nor enemies."

Mr. Kidd stared hard at Mr. Keckwitch, and Mr. Keckwitch stared at the fire; the one all scrutiny, the other all unconsciousness. For some minutes both were silent, and the loud mirth at the bar became more distinctly audible. Then Mr. Kidd drew a deep breath, pushed his chair back with the air of one who arrives at a sudden resolution, drew a slip of paper from his waistcoat pocket, and said:

"Well, Sir, if the address is all you require, here it is."

The steely light so rarely seen there flashed into Abel Keckwitch's eyes, and his hand closed on the paper as if it had been a living thing trying to fly away. He did not even look at it, but imprisoned it at once in a plethoric pocket-book with a massive metal clasp that snapped like a handcuff.

"What's the fee?" said he, eagerly. "What's the fee for this little service, Mr. Kidd?"

"That's a question you must ask at headquarters, Sir," replied Mr. Kidd, eying the clerk somewhat curiously, and already moving toward the door.

"But you'll take another glass of sherry before you go?"

"Not a drop, Sir, thank you—not a drop. Wish you good-evening, Sir."

And in another moment Mr. Kidd, with the white hat a trifle on one side, and the jovial smile seeming to irradiate his whole person, had presented himself at the bar, and was saying agreeable things to the young lady with the ringlets.

"Ah, Sir," observed she, playfully, "I don't care for compliments."

"Then, my dear, a man must be dumb to please you; for, if he has eyes and a tongue, what can he do but tell you you're an angel?"

The bar-maid giggled, and bade the gallant stranger "get along!"

"It's a remarkable fact," said Mr. Kidd, "that the prettiest women are always the most hard-hearted. And it's an equally remarkable fact that the sight of beauty always makes me thirsty. I'll trouble you, Mary, my love, for a bottle of Schweppe."

"That's a good sort of fellow, I'll be bound!" ejaculated a stout woman, looking admiringly after Mr. Kidd as he presently went out with an irresistible air of gentlemanly swagger.

"You think so, do you, ma'am?" said a seedy by-stander. "Humph! That's Kidd, the detective."

THE INTERCEPTED MESSAGE.

Never did the course of true love run smoother than it did with Frank Gifford and sweet Susie May, until the occurrence of what is here related. Frank was all tenderness, and Susie was all trust; and, take it altogether, it was as gushing a case of the tender passion as a novelist could wish. Many were the moonlight walks they took under the elms, and many a whispered vow had the leafy branches heard, and never said any thing about. Over and over again had Frank called on all the stars in the Milky Way to bear testimony to his undying love and devotion, and over and over again had Susie placed the same witnesses on the stand to bear testimony to *her* undying love and devotion. 'Twas as good as a book.

But a cloud arose on Frank's horizon—a cloud of about the size and shape of a returned veteran, with bronzed cheeks and an empty sleeve.

George Burns, wounded in the last great fight before Petersburg, hearing the news of the surrender of Lee while lying in the hospital, thanked the Lord that he had not been shot out of the service till the war was over, and then, when he was able to travel, went home to enjoy the hero-worship that in some degree—by mothers and sisters at least—is paid to every one that took his life in his hand and offered it upon the altar of his country. The names of these brave fellows may not live in history—they may not be thanked in general orders; but somewhere—around some hearth-stone—there is a wealth of gratitude and love in store for them. And so George suddenly found himself a hero. Old men shook him cordially by the hand and invited him to their houses, where garrulous old ladies made him "fight his battles o'er again," and relate the history of the lost arm, till he was all but bored to death.

By none was he more cordially welcomed than by Susie May; for next to her Frank she loved her country and its defenders. And if, as she placed her little white hand in his great brown one, her eyes were moistened and spoke a welcome warmer than she thought it maidenly for her tongue to express, it must be attributed to her patriotism. But Frank did not so attribute it; but, when he saw Susie listen with glistening eyes and flushed cheek to George's account of some grand charge, he—the selfish brute—began to consider himself neglected, to twist himself uneasily in his chair, to cross and re-cross his legs, to cough and try to look unconcerned, to make himself generally uncomfortable, and finally took his leave with a disjointed excuse about some forgotten business.

Now the green-eyed monster is probably the most unpleasant animal in the social menagerie. It is less to be desired than a skeleton in the closet, and more distasteful than salt in one's coffee. It grows astonishingly, and with voracious appetite soon devours all love and honor and peace of mind. Frank might have choked his and rid himself of it had he not neglected to see Susie that evening; and, when he was making some flimsy excuse the next day, had he not seen her, in the midst of his blundering mendacity, bow smilingly to George riding by; whereupon he seized his hat and left the room in a gust that took the poor little beauty's breath away, and bewildered her into tears.

And so Frank let his monster grow till it came to be a very large and very green-eyed and very ugly monster. It engrossed all his time, and told on his health fearfully. Victuals lost their charm for him, and he became addicted to dirty shirt-collars, and long, purposeless night-walks, muttering as he walked, "I suppose if I had gone and lost an arm she would pay some attention to me;" while Susie's warm heart was struggling, as she sat in the solitude of her chamber, between deep, tender love and womanly pride.

But Frank had not lost an arm. In fact he never had manifested any itching to go where the chances were in favor of such a thing. And Susie, though her earnest loyalty could not be doubted, had never reproved him for being a laggard, but really had felt relieved when he discovered that his "business" made it impossible for him to enter the army. It was a womanly weakness that we can well pardon when we think of the many, many women whose hearts have been crushed, and whose lives have been made desolate by the cruel chances of the war. Susie was a warm and tender-hearted little creature, formed for clinging affection, not for heroic sacrifice. Though she was hardly less proud of George Burns than was his own sister Carrie, yet she always felt devoutly thankful that her Frank had not been taken away from her. True, he had been taken away from her for a hundred days, and had served his country manfully on the sanguinary fields of Rock Island, guarding rebels. But these rebels had no guns to shoot off recklessly, not caring whom they hit, as they had in the South. This made all the difference in the world, and besides, Frank was all the time within easy reach of that important "business" of his.

So Frank was sorely troubled in his mind, not because he had not lost an arm, but because George Burns had, and Susie pitied him for it. He was uncomfortable when away from Susie, and could not keep away from her, and yet was scarcely less uncomfortable when with her.

About this time Mrs. Barstow sent out her invitations for a grand party—one of those immense crushing affairs that cause such a fluttering and such an overhauling of wardrobes among the fair sex, and in anticipation of which young Pipkins orders new pumps and a white neck-tie, and takes attitudes before the glass in his night-clothes, and makes smiling bows at his pimply reflection—a great jam of perspiring people, with smiling faces and wilting linen, all of whom have a vague sort of a notion that they are enjoying themselves, and none of whom really are, except the great hulks of boys, who have come only on maternal compulsion, and who spend the time in the dressing-room chewing tobacco.

To this party of Mrs. Barstow's Frank, with very bad grace, and with sneering hints about "hoping he didn't interfere with any one else's arrangements," asked Susie to go with him. Susie hesitated—which was food for Frank's growing monster—and finally asked him to call the next evening for an answer. The next morning, while walking along the street, and nursing his monster, he met Susie's little brother Charlie, with a note in his hand. "That's for George Burns, and is something about the party, I know!" and he determined to capture it.

"Oh, Charlie!" said he, suddenly, pretending that he had not noticed him as he passed, "are you in a hurry?"

"I am going up to Mrs. Burns's with a note from Susie?"

"I wish you would do a favor for me. I'm going to Mrs. Burns's, and will take the note for you, if you will go to our house for me, and tell them I will not be home to dinner. Will you? Come, that's a good boy!"

And he patted the good boy's cheek with smiling villainy. The unsuspecting Charlie gave him the note and went on. Frank glanced at it, and saw that it was addressed to "Carrie Burns, at Home." "Sharp trick," he muttered; "but she can't fool me. I know all about these women, and I'll find out now how this little flirtation stands!"

And now, with rapid strides and hurried breath, with compressed lips and wildly-flashing eyes, he rushes to the solitude of his office, bolts the door, glances hastily around to make sure that no one is there, tears open the white, crumpled paper, and reads:

"Elm Grove, *Wednesday Morning.*

"My dear Carrie,—Won't you lend me one of your sets of curls for Mrs. Barstow's party? Mine, you know, were ruined when we were caught in the shower last week. Frank was here last night and asked me to go with him, but I could not give him an answer till I knew whether I could get the curls or not. The dear fellow seems to be a good deal troubled about something lately, and I must not disappoint him about going to the party.

"Yours imploringly, Susie."

How superlatively sheepish "the dear fellow" felt the reader can imagine, and how he rushed out as frantically as he had rushed in, but with a very different expression on his countenance; and what an ingenious fib he fabricated for Miss Carrie, about having relieved Charlie May of a note for her, and having lost it somehow; and how he afterward met Susie and told her the same story, and proposed that they should walk back to Mrs. Burns's, that she might deliver that important message, whatever it was (sly dog—how innocent!), in person. All this too the reader will have to imagine.

Mrs. Barstow's party came off with the *éclat* that such things usually come off with. George Burns was there, his bronzed cheek contrasting finely with the fair face of his proud and happy sister. The pimply Pipkins was there, with his new pumps and a refulgent expanse of white waistcoat—and other articles of apparel, of course. He had gotten himself up, regardless of expense, for the benefit of Susie May; but as Frank was determined to make up by his devotion for his recent bad behavior, the unhappy Pipkins had to transfer his practiced smiles to Miss Pudsey, an angular damsel, long since robbed of her bloom. And Susie was there, with the bewildered look gone from her eyes, and in its place the old tender love-light. As for Frank, it is needless to say that he thought he was walking the fields Elysian. It is said that there recently have been ominous gatherings and consultations of dress-makers at Mrs. May's, and the polite Mr. Henshaw has gone post-haste to the city for certain dry goods. Frank, too, looks buoyant and beaming, eschews dirty shirt-collars, is seen to look with interest at Mr. Zimmerman's latest style of furniture, and Schneider will tell you in confidence that "Mister Gifford have ordered der vinest shuit of clothes vas ever in dis down."

Every one says that she is a deal better than he deserves, and I don't doubt, reader, that you agree with them.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

The Crossing Sweeper.—The late Mr. Simcox, of Harbourne, near Birmingham, who was largely engaged in the nail trade, in one of his visits to London, on business, was suddenly overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, from which he sought shelter under an archway: the rain continued for a long time with unabated violence, and he was, consequently, obliged to remain in his place of shelter. He was soon agreeably surprised by the opening of the door of a handsome house opposite, and a footman approaching with an umbrella, with his master's compliments, and that he had observed the gentleman standing so long under the archway, that he feared he might take cold, and therefore would be glad if he would come and take shelter in his house—an invitation which Mr. Simcox gladly accepted. He was ushered into a drawing-room where the master of the house was sitting, and he received from him a very friendly welcome. Scarcely, however, had Mr. Simcox set eyes on his host than he was struck with a vague remembrance of having seen him before; but where, or under what circumstances, he was altogether unable to call to mind. His inquiring glances at last conveyed to his host what was passing in his mind. "You seem, Sir," said he, "to look at me as though you had seen me before." Mr. Simcox acknowledged that his host was right in his conjectures, but confessed his entire inability to recall the occasion. "You are right, Sir," said the old gentleman; "and if you will pledge your word as a man of honor to keep my secret, and not to disclose to any one what I am now going to tell you until you have seen the notice of my death in the London papers, I have no objection to remind you where and how you have known me. In St. James's Park, near Spring Gardens, you may pass every day an old man who sweeps a crossing there, and whose begging is attended by this strange peculiarity—that, whatever be the amount of the alms bestowed on him, he will retain only a half-penny, and scrupulously return to the donor all the rest. Such an unusual proceeding naturally excites the curiosity of those who hear of it; and any one who has himself made the experiment, when he happens to be walking by with a friend, is almost sure to say to him, 'Do you see that old fellow there? He is the strangest beggar you ever saw in your life. If you give him sixpence he will be sure to give you fivepence-half-penny back again.' Of course his friend makes the experiment, which turns out as predicted; and as crowds of people are constantly passing, there are numbers of persons every day who make the same trial; and thus the old man gets many a half-penny from the curiosity of the passers-by, in addition to what he obtains from their compassion. I, Sir, am that beggar. Many years ago I first hit upon the expedient for the relief of my then pressing necessities; for I was at that time utterly destitute; but finding the scheme answer beyond my expectations, I was induced to carry it on until I had at last, with the aid of profitable investment, realized a handsome fortune, enabling me to live in the comfort in which you find me this day. And now, Sir, such is the force of habit, that, though I am no longer under any necessity for continuing this plan, I find myself quite unable to give it up; and, accordingly, every morning I leave home apparently for business purposes, and go to a room where I put on my old beggar's clothes, and continue sweeping my crossing in the park till a certain hour in the afternoon, when I go back to my room, resume my usual dress, and return home in time for dinner, as you see me this day."

Funeral of a Bee.—The correspondent of a Scotch paper transmits the following: "On Sunday morning last I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting ceremony, which I desire to record for the benefit of your readers. While walking with a friend in a garden near Falkirk we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing between them the body of a defunct comrade, with which they flew for the distance of ten yards. We followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel-walk—the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downward, to the earth—and the solicitude with which they afterward pushed against it two little stones, doubtless 'in memoriam.' Their task being ended, they paused for about a minute, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, and then they flew away."

Lord Jeffrey and the Catechism.—The Presbyterian clergy of Scotland used to be very faithful in catechising the families in their parish, giving special attention, of course, to the servants and children. It happened one autumn that the late Lord Jeffrey, after the rising of the Court of Session, went to spend the long vacation at the parish of L——. Soon after his arrival the minister intimated from the pulpit that upon a certain day he would "hold a diet of catechism" in the district, which included the dwelling of the eminent Judge. True to his time, he appeared at Lord Jeffrey's house, and requested that the entire establishment might be collected. This was readily done; for almost all Scotch clergymen, though the catechising process has become obsolete, still visit each house in the parish once a year, and collect the family to listen to a fireside lecture. But what was Lord Jeffrey's consternation when the entire household being assembled in the drawing room, the worthy minister said, in a solemn voice, "My lord, I always begin my examination with the head of the family. Will you tell me, then, what is effectual calling?" Never was an Edinburgh reviewer more thoroughly nonplused. After a pause, during which the servants looked on in horror at the thought that a Judge should not know his catechism, his lordship recovered speech and answered the question in terms which completely dumfounded the minister: "Why, Mr. Smith, a man may be said to discharge the duties of his calling effectually when he performs them with ability and success."

Cracking of Bells.—"Several years ago," says a traveler, "I paid a visit to the church at Hanbury, near Burton-on-Trent, and ascended the tower, in which a new set of bells had recently been hung. I was then informed that, on the completion of the restoration of the church, the workmen employed obtained permission to sound the bells in honor of the architect. One of them, by way of a practical joke, thinking to deaden the sound, suddenly clasped his legs around one of the bells at the moment when his comrade struck it. He succeeded beyond his wishes; for the bell cracked on receiving the blow, and had to be recast. On some surprise being expressed at this accident, the founder observed that a piece of packthread tied tightly round a bell would have produced the same result. The story made an impression on my mind at the time, and I am now glad that I remember it."

Writing.—The discovery of the art of writing is of uncertain date. Pictures are supposed to have been first resorted to for the purpose of conveying ideas. These, in process of time, were superseded by hieroglyphics, and they in turn by arbitrary marks. Letters can be traced back to Cadmus, who introduced them among the ancient Greeks; the Roman characters are evidently derived from the Greek; and the Britons were taught the use of them by the Romans. The art of writing was but little known till the commencement of the eighth century.

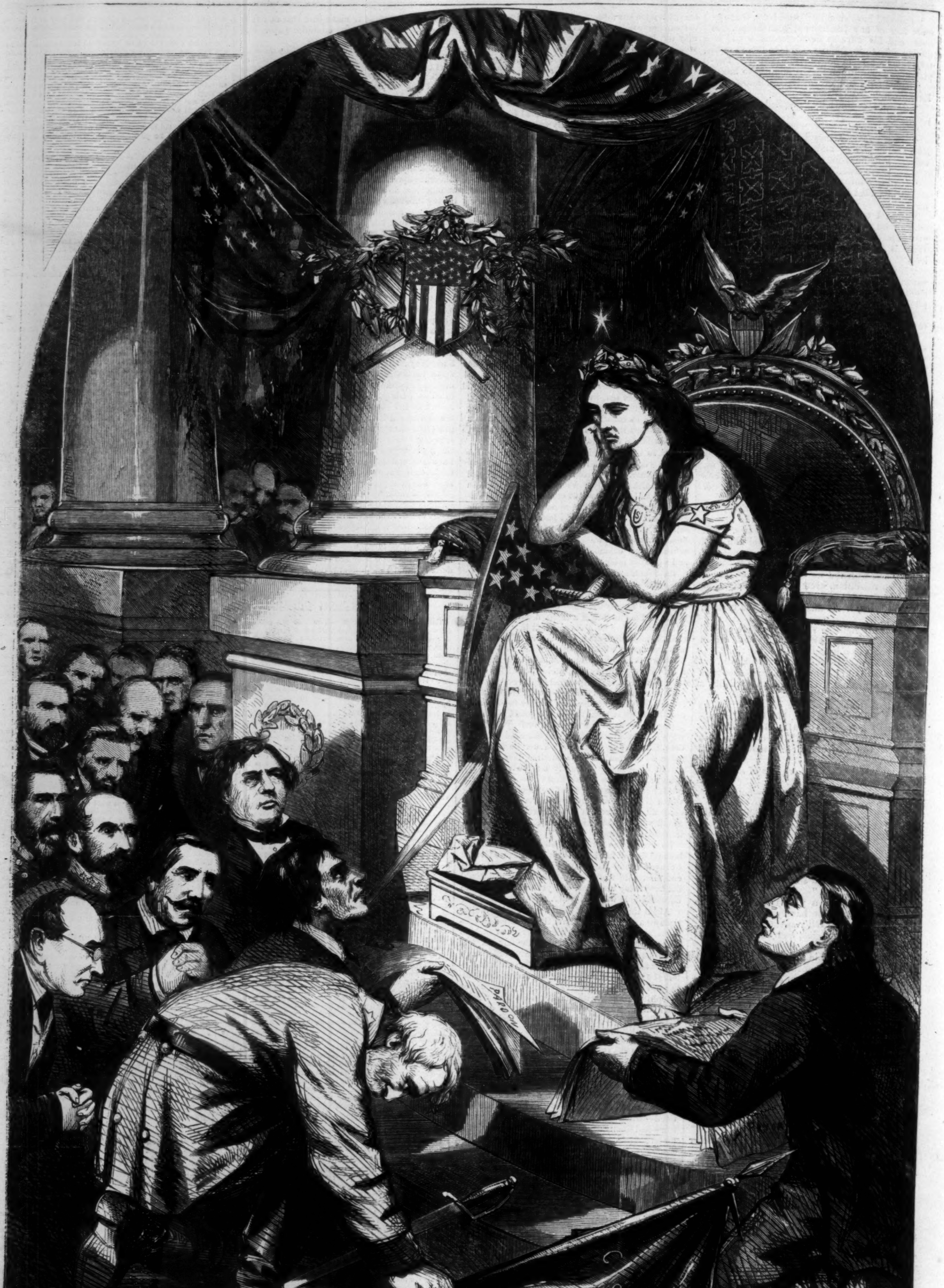
Properly speaking, man lives to work; he does not work to live. He is himself better than his vocation; and if he lets the care of that wholly occupy and exhaust him, he sacrifices the greater to the less, and makes the things which should have been for his wealth become unto him an occasion of falling. Take the lowest ground, and suppose that a man toils beyond the limits of legitimate endurance, in order to amass a fortune or raise the prospects of a family, what is the frequent result? He unfits himself for the use and enjoyment of that fortune, or deprives his family of that length of life or intercourse which is needed to protect and influence it. It is a great mistake to be busy overmuch. There are jaded slaves who come home with no reserve of love for, or even interest in, those who are dear to them. They are almost strangers in their own houses. They hardly speak to their own wives; they hardly see their own children. Business is business, and has no right to encroach upon the claims of affection. He is worse than a slave who, not content with working when he ought to work, robs his dependents of their share of himself, by spending his whole energy in labor, which leaves him none to bear his part in the burdens of home. No man is intended to be a mere income or wages pump. He must win bread, but he must win love too. He who gives himself no time to play with his children injures them, as well as the man who neglects to work for their support.

A Baby Thief.—A curious incident has occurred before the Correctional Tribunal of Nontron (Dordogne). A young woman, carrying a child about eleven months old in her arms, was charged with having stolen thirty francs in gold from a Madame Vococour. In her defense the prisoner stated that, having gone to the lady's on business, she happened to be left, for a moment, alone in the kitchen, and her baby, unknown to her, took three ten-franc pieces off a table behind her and held them till she returned home. She had but just discovered the fact, and was preparing to go back with the money when the commissary of police came and arrested her for the theft. The defense was thought most improbable, owing to the child's age; but the president, in order to test its possibility, ordered one of the ushers to lay three gold pieces on the ledge of the dock within the baby's reach. The moment the little thing saw the money it clutched the pieces firmly and attempted to put them in its mouth. This experiment satisfied the tribunal that the woman had told the truth, and she was in consequence acquitted of the charge.

"The manners and customs of the floating Chinese population at Bow are more interesting than their labors. Marriage is regarded by them with a cynical indifference beyond the dreams of Lycurgus himself, and, whether it be that Pope was right about the female heart, or whether the wives are in too great dread of their husbands to rebel, certain it is that not one of the victims was ever heard to lament her fate. The women are all Malay or Dyak, or half-breed, and as they were originally sold to their first husband, it may be that they think less of being resold by the purchaser. But if jealousy is thus systematically discouraged in a Chinese household, the wife's position is in other respects most comfortable. The duty of the husband is not confined among them to his outdoor occupations, but it is his pride and pleasure to remove all labor from his wife's province—to sweep the hut, light the fire, and thresh the paddy. The duty of a Chinaman's wife is to sit still and look pretty. Such is a theory of woman's rights and duties worked out by the experience of four thousand years' civilization."

It is quite impossible to have a sufficient contempt for that mean and cowardly selfishness which blinds a man to every vice which does not endanger his own safety or rob his own purse. If the satirist be asked, "Why do you write these stinging, burning words which are sure to inflict a thousand wounds that time can never heal? Why do you make men look so exceedingly small, and rob them of the paltry comfort of imposing on themselves? Why do you drag Pharisees out into broad daylight and sign them with the mark of the beast?" Then he may surely answer, "I do all this, and I write all this, because it is true and right; because a Pharisee is a detestable and dangerous humbug, because the more he cants and snivels the more detestable and dangerous he is. I will not, if I can help it, suffer any body to impose upon himself; because he never can cheat himself without intentionally or unintentionally robbing others, without pushing himself into places for which he is not fit, and thereby pushing others out of places for which they are fit. I will laugh at folly as long as I have life enough to laugh with, because it has neither wit nor beauty, because in the end it never fails to mar genuine mirth, because it is sure to break up every happy fellowship, and to put all human relationships miserably out of joint. Do you tell me that the hornets will sting me? Let them sting. I shall at least have the satisfaction of giving them something to sting for. I can, at any rate, destroy their nest, and stamp the next generation of them out of existence; and no sting has half so much venom as the consciousness of being a miserable coward or a contemptible flunky."

Words.—No one will venture to underrate the importance of an attempt to stem the tide of corruption in words, and induce a less careless use of language. When words are rescued from change the corresponding ideas are snatched from haziness and obscurity. In a word rightly placed how much power there is! "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" said the inspired king. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Carlyle has quoted the saying of a German, "Speech is silver, but silence is golden." Solomon, on the contrary, likens right words to apples of gold amidst a surrounding silence of silver. Reveal to a man his real object you stop his downward career. He was deceiving himself. One word has shown him the truth. The mist is dispelled; the mask is torn off. A poor woman once presented to the king a petition against a great noble who had taken her hovel from her. The king turned from her, saying that it was beneath a king's dignity and unworthy of a monarch's attention. "Then leave off being king," she replied, and gained her desire. Pius VII., when prisoner at Savona, was informed by Napoleon's minister that "Spiritual and temporal affairs are distinct." "True," the old man replied, "my policy looks to truth and justice; yours to men's passions and interests."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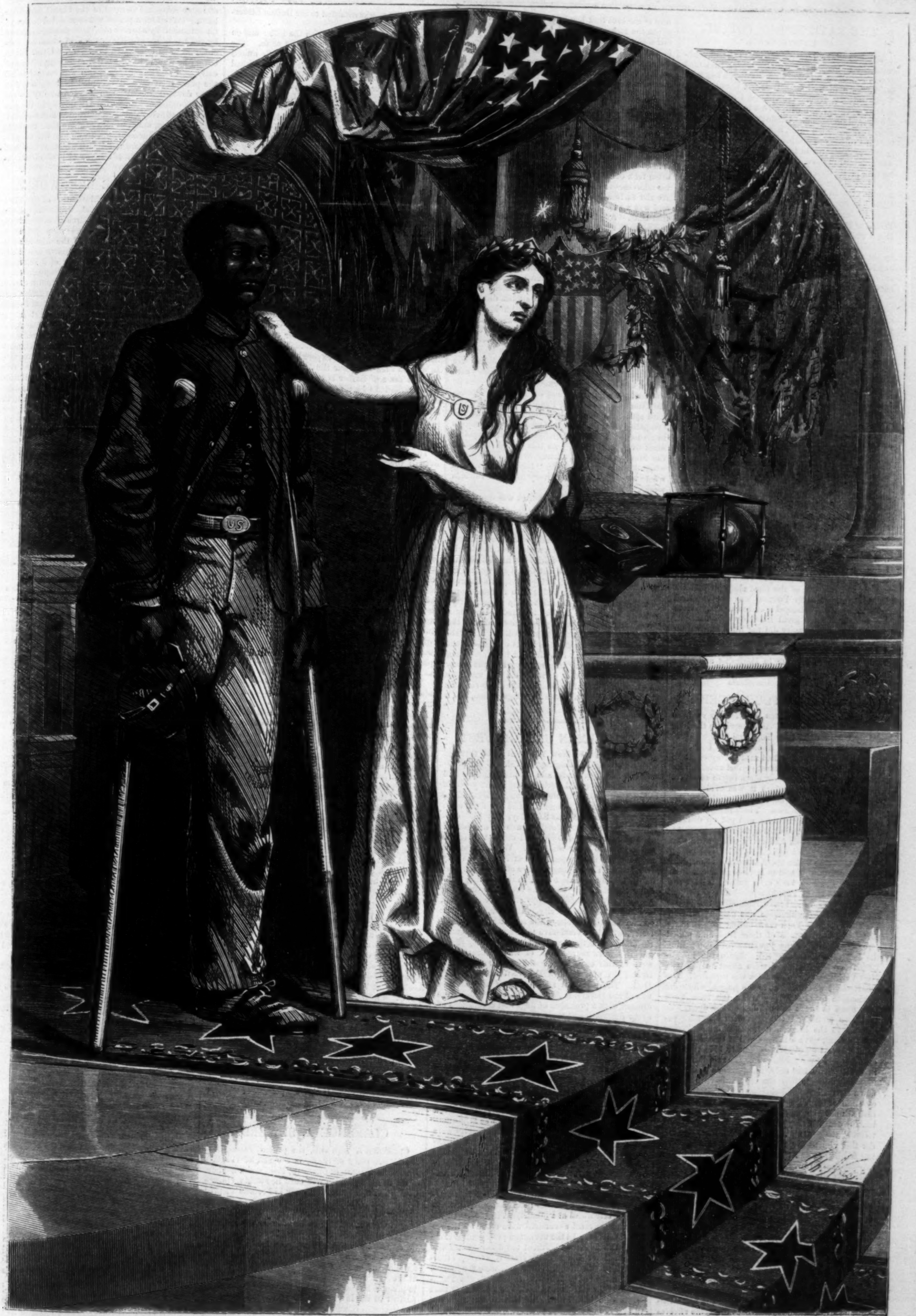
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FRANCHISE.

AND NOT THIS MAN?"

THE LATE BISHOP POTTER,

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The late Right Reverend Alonzo Potter, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania, died at San Francisco July 4. Bishop Potter was born in the town of Beekman, Dutchess County, New York, July 10, 1800. He entered Union College at the age of fourteen, with a view to entering upon the clerical profession. Graduating in 1818, he the next year became a tutor, and two years later was chosen Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. This was in 1821. During this year he was ordained to the diaconate, and in August, 1824, he took presbyter's orders. In 1825 he was elected President of Geneva College, but declined the appointment. In 1826 he became rector of St. Paul's Church in Boston, where he remained for five years.

At the close of his connection with St. Paul's Professor Potter was elected to fill the chair of Moral Philosophy in Union College, which he held until his accession to the Bishopric of Pennsylvania in 1845. President Nott was his father-in-law, and Mr. Potter, as Vice-President of the College, relieved the former of a great measure of his professional burdens.

When Bishop Onderdonk, in 1845, was deposed, Professor Potter was elected to the vacant diocese. The duties of this new office were performed with fidelity and dignity. Bishop Potter especially interested himself in the education of the ministry.

Bishop Potter was twice married. His first wife, the daughter of Doctor Eliphalet Nott, died several years ago. He had married again this year, and after his marriage made a journey to California, from which he never returned. Bishop Potter has a brother, the Right Reverend Horatio Potter, who is Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York. Bishop Alonzo Potter's contributions to science have been valuable. In 1841 he published a work entitled "The Principle of Science applied to the Domestic and Mechanic Arts;" also his celebrated work on "Political Economy;" and in 1847 the "Hand-Book for Readers and Students," which had a wide circulation. Several volumes of his sermons have been widely read among the members of the Episcopal Church. He also assisted in the preparation of a work—"The School and the Schoolmaster"—a copy of which was placed in the district school libraries of this State, and had a mighty influence in the elevation of the standard of our common schools, which has not ceased to be felt to this day. He was a vigorous writer, and was one of the most eloquent prelates in America. Bishop Potter was distinguished from many of his episcopal brethren, and even from his brother, by his great liberality of sentiment. His ideas of Christianity did not limit him within the narrow bounds of his own sect; and previous to his elevation to a bishopric it was no uncommon thing for him to officiate in Methodist and other pulpits.

BOAT-RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE.

No affair of the kind has occurred for years so disgraceful as the race at Poughkeepsie on the 18th of July between the New York and Poughkeepsie crews. Both crews were known as the best oarsmen in the country, and had made every effort to bring themselves into the most perfect condition for the race. When the conveyances began to arrive on the morning of the 18th it was evident that Poughkeepsie was to be crowded with thieves, gamblers, and pickpockets. These miscreants got possession of the restaurants, and got up disturbances which occasioned crowds to collect together, when the pickpockets had every thing their own way.

The boat-race began about five o'clock P.M. The whole proceeding is said to have been unfair from the outset, the New York crew getting at least two lengths start of the Poughkeepsie before the signal was fairly given. But notwithstanding this it soon appeared that Poughkeepsie was gaining on New York. The New York crew noting this, it is reported, took advantage of their lead and pulled across the bows of the Poughkeepsie, compelling the latter to slacken speed. Again the Poughkeepsie crew gained, and were about to pass the New York boat, when the trick was repeated. The whole scene was apparent to the judges, who were anxious to decide fairly. When the New York boat came in ahead the rowdies on the dock, who had been amusing themselves with knocking policemen in the head, and indiscriminate plunder and violence, gave a furious yell of brutal delight. The judges immediately sought to hide from the crowd where they might decide the race fairly, but in vain. They had only time to reach the Poughkeepsie House, when the crowd, having hunted down the different stakeholders and taken the money from them with pistols leveled, and threats, rushed upon the judges, and threatened them with instant death if they did not give "the New York fellows" their money. The decision was given under this violent compulsion, and the ruffians, having finished their little business, wound up with a miscellaneous row. The military had just been called out when fifteen car-loads of the rascals left for New York.

Scenes of this sort are coming to be of daily occurrence and must be stopped. On the morning of the 20th a gang of ruffians broke through the gate of the Roosevelt Street Ferry-House, refusing to pay; and when the ferry-master brought men to his assistance the gang set upon these with crowbars, and beat several of them, as well as some of the police. Three or four persons were dangerously wounded. It is not long since at a firemen's picnic at Glen Cove a similar disturbance occurred. Certain it is that violence is getting the ascendency, and will continue to increase until some effectual punishment be inflicted upon these disturbers of the public peace.

It is not our intention to convey the impression that the New York boat's crew was at all responsible for the riot at Poughkeepsie. As to the unfairness of the race that has been disputed. We have given the report as it came to us. The whole affair seems to have been injudiciously managed. It is said that the civil authorities at Poughkeepsie were warned of the raid which was to be made. If so, it is very evident that they took very inefficient measures to prevent the disturbance.

THE LATE Rev. NEWTON HESTON.

Rev. Newton Heston, whose portrait we give on our first page, was born in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., November 30, 1823, of Quaker parents. He received careful training at home. He often took occasion to speak, in his sermons and in his addresses to children, of his father and mother. At the early age of fourteen years he left school, and was a pupil in no institution of learning after that time. About this time, through the religious teachings of the Rev. Matthew Sorin, he was led to the acceptance of Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and became a member of the Union Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. On leaving school he became a clerk in a book-store, where he remained for two years, and then entered the store of a company engaged in the tea trade. During his clerkships he prosecuted his studies diligently. He often felt drawn to the ministry, but loved commercial pursuits, and because of his energy and unusual business talent was offered lucrative positions. In the retirement necessitated by severe illness he determined that if his life was spared he would devote it to the preaching of the Gospel. He was licensed as an exhorter when seventeen years of age, and so acceptably exercised his gift that he was soon placed in charge of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Allentown, Pennsylvania. It was a hard spot, in a community where threats and not sympathy were the reward of fidelity. His success in resuscitating feeble churches led to his appointment over many such. At this period he visited the Mariner's Church, Cherry Street, New York, where he was known as the "Boy Preacher," and where he preached nearly every night for thirteen weeks.

Some six years ago Mr. Heston was transferred from Philadelphia to Newark, N. J.; and at the end of two years, desiring a settled pastorate, he accepted a call from the State Street Congregational Church, Brooklyn, New York, where he preached his first sermon as pastor on the first Sunday in November, 1861. How faithfully he fulfilled his trust is indicated by the fact that a heavy and almost unbearable debt of $24,000, with its interest all in arrears, has been reduced to moderate proportions, and an active membership of only fifty-seven has increased to four hundred. He was a "live" man. Every enterprise connected with the church in which he engaged succeeded. Mr. Heston also took strong grounds in his opinions at the outbreak of the Great Rebellion for its suppression, and performed a very important part in the many public meetings of that period. He died suddenly on Thursday, July 13, 1865, leaving a beloved wife and three children, a sorrowing congregation, and a host of friends.

THE GERMAN SAENGERFEST.

The Germans of New York have got through with their beautiful singing festival. Great preparations had been made, and singing societies had been invited from all parts of the country—from Connecticut, from Buffalo, Baltimore, Alexandria, Philadelphia, and Richmond. The day fixed upon for their arrival here was Saturday, July 15. Owing to some misunderstanding, a large number of the societies were delayed, and did not arrive in this city until after midnight. We illustrate on page 484 the scene upon their arrival at the City Hall Park. The singing societies of New York were on the ground by nine o'clock in the evening to receive the visitors. Upon the arrival of the latter Mayor Gunther made a happy and graceful speech, welcoming them to the city. He thought that the cordial harmony between the societies, thus manifested, would be conducive to the advancement of the art which is their common bond. Nearly eighty societies were represented, of whom about thirty were of this city. After the Mayor's speech a torch-light procession was formed from the City Hall. The principal rendezvous of the societies was at the Germania Assembly Rooms, which were dressed with a profusion of flags and decorations of every description. Here the ceremonies of reception took place.

On Sunday evening, the 16th, the singing societies gave a Grand Concert at the Academy of Music, which was filled from amphitheatre to parquette. The orchestra consisted of one hundred of the best instrumentalists of the city. Over a thousand voices were in the chorus, which covered the entire stage. An interesting feature of the chorus was the presence of one hundred and fifty ladies dressed in white. The principal piece given was Mendellsohn's "Walpurgisnacht," in which the solos were given by Madam Zimmermann and Messrs. Bernhard, Steins, and Frost. The wizard choruses were rendered by feminine voices. Another concert was given at the Academy on Monday evening.

On Tuesday the Convention was held, and arrangements were made for the next Säengerfest, which will be celebrated at Philadelphia in 1867. In the afternoon several excursions were made by the various societies. In the evening a prize contest came off at the Academy. About ten different societies competed for the prize. Messrs. Timms, Theodore Thomas, and Meyerhofer were the judges. The first prize, which was awarded to the Philadelphia Maennerchor, consisted of a banner of pure white silk, with heavy gold bullion and cords and tassels to match. On one side was represented an ancient bard with a harp, and a female figure with a lyre; on the other was a harp wreathed in flowers, with an appropriate inscription. The Philadelphia Säengerbund got the second prize, which was a richly-chased silver goblet. The third prize—a splendid piano—was awarded to the Buffalo Liederkranz.

There was a gigantic picnic on the 19th; and on the next day the festival came to a close. The Germans show an excellent taste in their unions and festivals. They do not get together for political or literary conventions; they care little for speeches, and still less for essays. But give them music, flowers, and plenty of lager and Rhein wein, and they have an infinite fund of amusement and genuine pleasure. As compared with the Englishman or the Frenchman, the German has pre-eminently the faculty of enjoying himself without knowing it.

LAUNCH OF THE "DUNDERBERG."

On Saturday, July 22, was launched from the yard of W. H. Webb, Esq., foot of Sixth Street, the largest mailed vessel in the world. The launch was accomplished with perfect success, though the weather was so inauspicious. About two thousand tickets were issued.

The principle on which the *Dunderberg* is constructed is this, namely, that speed and weight of armament are as essential as invulnerability. The latter, indeed, seems almost unattainable, as no armor is secure against the Armstrong 600-pounder. The plan of the *Dunderberg* was laid by Mr. Webb, but the vessel has been built under the general superintendence of Rear-Admiral F. H. Gregory, of the United States navy. To render the vessel as invulnerable as possible to the missiles of an enemy her surface, so far as it is exposed, is very angular, as will be seen from our illustration on page 485. A great mass of timber is combined with the protection afforded by a solid armor plating of 4½ inches. When afloat the vessel has the appearance of a huge fort embrasured for a score of the heaviest ordnance. Though pierced for 21 guns she will probably receive no more than 16. Her tonnage is 5000 tons.

The bulk-heads of this vessel are so perfect that even if the outer walls were destroyed the inner vessel would buoy up the mass. The bow of the *Dunderberg* is fashioned into a huge beak, which constitutes a formidable ram.

Very large and improved magazines and shell-rooms are placed, one forward and the other aft, conveniently situated in view of the distance the heavy weights of powder and shell must be hoisted to reach the gun-deck. The weight of shot and shell and powder requisite to prepare the ship for active operations is, of course, very great when the calibre of the ordnance is taken into consideration.

The iron armor required for the *Dunderberg* will be about 1000 tons. About one-half, or 500 tons, is already in its position on the ship. The side-armor is of the best hammered iron, manufactured into slabs from 12 to 15 feet in length by 3 feet in width. These plates are 3½ inches, and are screw-bolted to the armor cushion by 1½-inch bolts. The plates are placed vertically, and not horizontally, as is the case with the iron-clad vessels of Europe.

The screw propeller of the *Dunderberg* weighs alone 32,000 pounds, and has a pitch of from 27 to 30 feet.

The casemate or fighting-room of the *Dunderberg* is constructed of square logs, each one foot in thickness, and is built up to the height of seven feet and covered over with a bomb-proof deck, on which it was originally intended to place two turrets similar to those in use on board of the monitors. The casemate will contain twelve to fourteen 11-inch Dahlgren and four 15-inch Rodman smooth-bore guns, making it the heaviest armament of its number ever placed on the deck of any vessel. The *Dunderberg* contract price was one million four hundred thousand dollars—the same as the *Dictator*, which carries only two 15-inch guns.

The length of the vessel is 380 feet, and her depth of hold over 22 feet. She weighs about 2700 tons as she stood before launching. Her addition to our navy gives us a great advantage over the navies of Europe.

MAJOR-GENERAL GRIFFIN.

Major-General Charles Griffin, who at the battle of Five Forks superseded General Warren in command of the Fifth Corps, by order of General Sheridan, although one of the youngest, is one of the ablest of our Generals. He entered the Military Academy at West Point, from Ohio, in 1843, and graduated in 1847, with the rank of Brevet Second-Lieutenant of Artillery. In June, 1849, he was promoted to the First-Lieutenancy. Previous to his assumption of the command of the corps, General Griffin had for a long time been associated with it as commander of the First Division—a Division which was always in the front rank, courting danger, whether in a gallant defense against great odds, or in an impetuous charge upon the strong position of the enemy. We give a portrait of General Griffin on page 493.

CLARENCE A. SEWARD.

Clarence A. Seward, the present Acting Assistant Secretary of State, is the son of the late Benjamin Franklin Seward, Esq., and a nephew of the Secretary. He was born in Florida, Orange County, in this State, and early in life was adopted into the family of his illustrious uncle, by whom he has been ever considered as a son. After graduating at Geneva College he entered on the study of the law in the office of his uncle at Auburn, where he acquired those habits of indomitable perseverance and zealous study which have since achieved for him the eminent position which he now holds at the New York bar. Shortly after being admitted to practice he removed to the city of New York as a partner in the law firm of Blatchford, Seward, and Griswold, and by earnest devotion and incessant labor in his profession has gradually attained his present enviable rank in the legal fraternity. At the commencement of the late war he was called to the command of the Nineteenth Regiment, New York Volunteers (having previously filled the post of Judge Advocate General of the State), and after having served for a period was compelled to resign his command by a severe attack of sickness induced by the hardships of a life in the field which his constitution was illy adapted to endure. Upon his recovery he resumed his practice in this city. In the early part of June Mr. Seward was invited to fill the position at present occupied by him, and has since devoted himself with marked ability to the arduous duties of his office. His fidelity in the performance of every duty, an expanded and well cultured intellect, and a nature of more than feminine delicacy and refinement, have won him the admiration and warm regard of all with whom he has been thrown in contact either socially or professionally.

THE TREDEGAR IRON-WORKS.

On page 493 we give an illustration of the Tredegar Iron-Works at Richmond, which during the rebellion were the principal source from which the insurgent armies were supplied with ordnance. During the very earliest stage of the war the reliance of the Southern armies for ordnance and small-arms rested mainly upon the hope of a European supply. Nor were they entirely disappointed in this expectation, as will be evident from a careful survey of Southern ordnance which has fallen into our hands. But as the war went on it soon became apparent that blockade-running could not supply the rebel armies with arms. Among the armories which sprung up to supply the deficiency none was so important as the Tredegar Works at Richmond. There were other armories at Atlanta and Augusta, but those at Richmond were always the most celebrated for the excellence and facility of production. Recently we find that the Tredegar Works have been confiscated under the $20,000 exception to the amnesty proclamation.

THE LOST PEARL.

Oh, the flowers still bloom, and the summer-skies blush
With the soft evening tints, when the singing-birds hush;
And the pale lovely moon, when she rises on high,
Is still ruling softly her kingdom of sky;
And the fields are as green, and the sun is as bright,
But the heart that once loved them is dead from to-night.

Ah! there's no music now to my desolate ear
In the bird's joyous song, that was lately so dear;
To a sorrow like mine there's a mockery keen
Felt in Nature's gay robes, and her liveries green;
And I rail at whatever is fair to the sight,
Since the heart that once loved it is dead from to-night.

Let me strive to conceal, for 'tis better to hide
'Neath the guise of a smile and the armor of pride
All the hopes I have lost and the pain I endure,
Than expose for a moment the quivering sore
To the touch of a world ever ready to jeer,
And whose tribute to sorrow is only—a sneer.

Yes, the world is the same—could I ever suppose
One cry could be heard in its ocean of woes?
Let the captured complain, and the wounded go die—
Still the battle goes on, and we seek to descry
But the fortunate victor—successful, unhurt—
Never pity for those trampled down in the dirt.

For to *love* and to *lose* is the commonest woe
That's enrolled in the list of our sorrows below.
I have loved—I have lost—still, still I must live,
Though life has in future no promise to give;
Gone, gone are the hopes, quenched forever the light,
And the heart that once loved her is dead from to-night.

Would to God there was left me relief in the Past!
But the mem'ries I've cherished are worthless at last,
Like the miser who finds in his long-hoarded store
But counterfeit jewels and false shining ore.
Past, present, and future come under the blight,
And the heart that so loved her is dead from to-night.

DAVID BROWN.

I.—1862.

"Now, Brown," said I, as I turned down the bed-quilt, preparatory to getting into bed, "you've been at it again!"

"At what?" quoth Brown.

"Why, shaking the feathers all over to your side of the bed. I won't stand it, now, that's all." And I gave the bed an indignant dig with my fists.

Brown fell back on his chair and laughed immoderately.

"Oh, you may laugh," I growled, "but, by George! it's no fun. You're always up to some such hoggish trick, and I say it's no fun. I'll give Mrs. Scoavle notice to-morrow—see if I don't. I pay as much board as you do, and I won't be come it over this way any more."

"Oh, now, what's the use in getting grouty, Pomeroy?" said Brown, as he kicked his boots across the room.

"Grouty? Who wouldn't get grouty? I don't come games on *you*. A fellow's enough to bear at this miserable boarding-house without you to make it worse."

"Now, Pom, let the boarding-house alone. Boarding-houses are all alike. Mrs. Scoavle gives as good as any one else will for the money."

"Oh, you can stand any thing. I never see such a fellow's you are. You'd get along in a coal-bin."

"I'd get along as good as I could, Pom, wherever I was. I don't believe in being so all-fired thin-skinned. Why don't you take things as you find 'em? I do."

"Well, you may take my side of the bed, then. See how you'll take that, after you've shook all the feathers over back."

"You don't mean it, Pommy! What a beast you are getting to be!"

"Don't like the place you fixed for me, do you? You'll sleep there, though, or you'll haul me out of bed."

With that I smuggled myself under the quilts as if determined to die there in defense of my rights. Brown laughed a good-natured laugh as he buttoned his night-shirt.

"I guess we won't fight to-night," said he. "It's too late."

Then he turned off the gas and got into bed.

Brown and I boarded at a cheap boarding-house, where the accommodations were graduated very closely down to the price—which I don't mind telling you was four dollars a week. The same style of board costs about twice as much now, you know. We were fellow-clerks in a railroad office, and our salaries were precious small.

I was a regular growler. Every thing went wrong with me. Did you ever notice that people who are the hardest to please—people who find fault with every thing—generally get the very worst of every thing? That's my experience in boarding-houses and out of them. I used to think Mrs. Scoavle was a regular skinflintess, and every thing in and about her house at wrong ends. I should have left her a dozen times but for that selfish Brown—as I dubbed him, and as I believed him. I was five years older than Brown, but, somehow or other, he used to do pretty much as he pleased with me. There was something curiously fascinating about the fellow, notwithstanding he was such a hog—always looking out for Number One—a very prince of selfishness—*must* be, or how could he get along so nicely? He was high in favor with Mrs. Scoavle and the servant-girls, while I was quite the reverse. If you ever boarded out you know what that amounts to. The chamber-maid used to do every thing she could to please Brown and vex me; that matter of the feathers was her work, of course, but how could I know it? Brown never enlightened me. That was the worst of it. When I called him a hog he would laugh in my face as though he enjoyed it. The table-girls used to look out for him in just the same way. If there was a knife with a handle that wobbled, you may be sure he never got it. I generally did.

The next morning Brown was out of bed bright and early, for it was a holiday with us, and that was a rare thing. He made his toilet cheerily, humming a little song, and was pulling on his best boots, when I got up and proceeded to make my ablutions.

"Now, then, Brown, where's the soap?" said I, in much vexation.

"I don't know," he replied. "I haven't seen any soap. I got along without."

I looked at him incredulously.

"Oh, don't stand there staring at me as if I was a funeral, Pom! I haven't swallowed the soap."

"Then where is it?"

"I say I don't know. It may be in your boots for all I can tell."

I looked in my boots, half expecting to find it there, and then washed myself rebelliously.

"Hang me if I don't give Mrs. Scoavle a going over for this," said I, as I took up my patent-leather gaiters to rub them off. I found the soap in one of them. "Now, then," I cried triumphantly, "here it is! I'd like to know how the soap got into my Sunday gaiters. I presume you'll say you didn't put it there."

"I suppose one of us must have dropped it there," said he.

"Yes, I dare say one of us did," was my angry response.

At dinner that day we had green pease—the first of the season. I am very fond of green pease. So is Brown. We ate them with a relish, and the dish was all too small; but there were no second dishes of such things at Mrs. Scoavle's, and that I knew very well; so I pushed the empty saucer away with a sigh. Brown pushed his away with a wink, directed at me.

A minute later I noticed Brown's dish had been replenished. New regulations, thought I, and beckoned one of the servant-girls.

"Any more pease?" said I.

"Pease is all out, Mr. Pom'roy," said Maggie.

Of course! And there sat that hoggish Brown eating his second dish.

"Brown," said I, as we strolled out after dinner, "I've eaten my last meal in that house."

"Have you?" said Brown, quietly.

"Yes—I *have*. You needn't think I shall back down this time. I'm decided, and there's an end of it."

"Now, Pom—"

"You needn't commence it," I interrupted. "I won't hear a word."

"You won't leave a fellow all alone there, will you, Pom?" said Brown, in mock grief?"

"I guess you'll survive," said I. "I'm going to enlist this very day."

Brown and I had been talking about it for some weeks, but I hadn't much thought of really doing it.

"Pom, old boy, if you go I shall go too, that's flat."

"You don't mean you'll enlist with me, do you, Brown?"

"Just so."

"You're joking."

"Not unless you are, Pom."

"Why, Brown, you'll be killed! You like your ease too well. What'll Mrs. Scoavle do?"

"Well, it *is* rather hard on a fellow," said Brown. "I can give Mrs. Scoavle a lock of my hair, you know. I shall stick by you, old man."

We did it. There was a new call for 300,000 men, and a regiment was rapidly filling up. I put my name down among the privates, and right after came the name, in a bold round hand, "David Brown"—that selfish Brown.

I went to bed in an unwonted good humor that night; and Brown said, as he flung his pants over the mirror and his neck-tie under the table,

"Where do you suppose we'll be a year from this, Pom?"

"Away from Mrs. Scoavle's boarding-house," said I.

II.—1863.

"Brown, you're at your old tricks."

"What's the matter now?"

"Why, look at my blanket! It's wet. How's a fellow to sleep on such a blanket as that?"

"Why didn't you dry it?" says Brown. "Mine's as dry as a squirrel's nest."

"Oh, of course it is! How could I dry it when I had to stand guard all the evening? You might have looked after it. You would if you weren't so selfish. That's your style."

"Oh, what's the use growling over a wet blanket? I've slept on one often, and so've you. Take it easy, Pom, and go to sleep."

"You might give me yours after I've been out in the cold the past two hours, and you sitting here by the fire. I believe the blanket would have dried itself if you hadn't shoved it into the furthest corner of the house. It's like you."

All the answer I got was a snore. Was there ever such a hog?

We were at Chattanooga now. Our quarters were comfortable, for the cold fall rains were kept off nicely by our little red-cedar shanty—built the day after we camped. I might say that Brown built it himself, for he certainly did more work than any four other men in camp—no matter in what way. He never shirked. But when he got his nest made, be sure he was just as ready to enjoy it as he had been to build it. His health was splendid. He could sleep all night in a puddle of water and come out of it next morning as hearty and good-natured as if he had slept in a bed of down.

At breakfast, the morning after the blanket episode, Brown had milk for his coffee.

"Where'd you get that?" I asked.

"Tom Bates caught a cow last night," said Brown; "I thought you had some."

"Well, I didn't. Give me a little of yours, can't you?"

As I spoke the fellow was in the act of swallowing it.

"Spoke too late, Pom," said he, with a broad grin.

"Oh, of course! You're as big a hog as ever. I believe you'd see a fellow starve before you'd give him any thing you wanted for your own precious stomach."

"You won't starve for want of milk in your coffee, Pom. I like it first-rate without milk."

"Well, I don't. I never can get used to it. It goes against my stomach."

"I'll drink it for you, Pom, if you're afraid it'll make you sick."

"Oh, thank you."

I was disgusted with him.

You know how we fought at Chattanooga. That day we went through fire. *I* can't describe it, of course. We soldiers don't know much how a battle looks; it's a busy time with us.

Night came down on a bloody field, where I lay with my right leg shattered all to pieces by a shell from Lookout. Wounded and dead and dying lay strewn about me.

The darkness settled thicker and thicker. The stars looked down coldly on us. Ah, how I thought about old times! How I used to despise Mrs. Scoavle's bed and board! If I were only there now! I've seen the last of that, thought I.

I wondered where Brown was. You lose sight of your friends wonderfully in the smoke and din of battles. No doubt he got off safe, and was sitting by the camp-fire now. He always looked out for Number One.

A hand touched mine in the darkness. It was wet with blood.

"Who's this?" uttered a husky, feeble voice.

"Tom Pomeroy," said I. "Who are you?"

"No, Pom, you don't say you're here," said the voice. "Are you hurt much?"

"My leg's split to flinders," said I. "Is this Brown?"

"Ay—Brown," said the feeble voice—feeble and muffled—uttered through rebellious groans. "I'm done for, I think."

"Where are you hurt, old man?"

"All over, Pom. There isn't a whole limb on me. I think there's a bullet through my left lung. I can hardly speak for the blood in my mouth."

We lay in the silence of exhaustion for some minutes, but I knew by the way the poor fellow pressed my hand that he was busy with thought, perhaps with memory.

"Brown," said I, "it's fourteen months to-day since we enlisted. Do you remember?"

"Ah!" he murmured.

"I brought you here, old friend," said I.

"Pom, don't say that!"

It seemed to hurt him.

Another long silence followed. We both spoke only with great effort.

"Oh, for a drink of water!" I cried. I was perishing with thirst.

"Can you get at my canteen?" said Brown. "There's some milk in it. Drink it."

I got the canteen, and held it to him.

"Drink you," said I. "It will revive you."

"Don't waste it, Pom. Drink it up. It may keep you alive till they come for you. It wouldn't help me now."

I could not coax him to drink a drop. With eager, trembling lips I touched the mouth of the canteen. Ah, how refreshing it was!

"They're coming," said I, as I spied a lantern drawing near.

The owner of the lantern drew near. There was another with him. They stopped near by, and leaned over a rebel soldier who lay there, badly wounded, but, as it appeared, conscious. The one with the lantern thrust his hands into the rebel's pockets, and drew forth the contents. The poor fellow remonstrated. The other summarily dropped a bayonet through his heart.

"That's the way to fix 'em, Jim," said the one with the lantern, "when they don't like it. It's humane to put 'em out o' thar pain, ain't it?—ha, ha!"

Then they came to us, and threw the light of their lantern on our faces. We knew our safety lay in perfect submission only. They robbed Brown, and he never stirred or showed a sign of consciousness. I thought myself that all was over with him. Then they came to me.

"This fellow's shamming possum," said one of them, as he spurned my head with his foot.

"Leave him be!" fiercely uttered Brown, in a voice that would have been a shout but for the death-current through which it struggled.

"Fix that feller, Jim!" said the one with the lantern, looking around.

A pistol cracked, and "Jim" leaped up, uttered —"God!" and fell dead.

"Damn you!" said the other, turning upon Brown, "you've done it now!" and he flashed a knife over my old friend's head. Brown struck up with his pistol, and the knife flew from the man's hand. At the same instant I caught his foot and tripped him. He fell headlong upon Brown, and was received in the embrace of my dying comrade, who in his death-agony struggled with the cursing brute. To my last hour I shall remember that fearful scene—the thief and the blood-covered soldier rolling over and over, in the struggle of death, in the dim starlight of that ghastly field; the one cursing furiously, the other silent, with all his energies centred in the grip with which his teeth were fastened upon the throat of the robber.

The laughing, light-hearted fellow, who loved his ease so well, and made sport of my petty vexations, when a great hour of horror came changed to a ban-dog in the service of his friend! Whether he could have lived had he kept silence at the moment when he saw my life endangered I know not, and it does not matter. He gave his life to save me, that I know.

I swooned while the struggle yet progressed. Days after I awoke in hospital. They told me how they found poor Brown and the dead-robber lying—the hero's teeth still in the fellow's throat.

You may have heard about this incident of the field of Chattanooga; but you did not know that the fierce soldier was the dearest, noblest, truest friend of my life—David Brown.

LOVE AND PRIDE.

And so the door has closed on love,
And closed for me on day,
And I must now take heart and go
Upon my lonely way.
For pride stood in the deadly lists,
A dark, relentless foe,
And stirred the depths of bitterness
To bid my true love go.

And love lies slain upon the field—
His death-deep wound I see—
But surely his sweet shade will come
To mock my pride and me;
To mock us in our wild unrest,
And triumph o'er the foe
That stirred the depths of bitterness
To bid my true love go.

To whisper, "Could thy pride be slain
By me in combat true,
The love-light yet might burn again
Within thine eye's fond blue.
But I am but a ghostly shade,
And he my mortal foe,
That stirred the depths of bitterness
To bid thy true love go."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

On the morning of the President's death, the following conversation was overheard between a couple of boys about nine or ten years of age who were walking down State Street, New Haven:

"Charley, news has come that President Lincoln has been killed."

"Do you believe it's true?"

"Yes, it's official."

"What does official mean?"

"Why don't you know? *It means that it didn't come from Philadelphia.*"

A Friend has a dog so very serious that even his tail has not the least bit of wag about it.

SOUND REASONING.

Quoth Rubric, "If the faith be sound,
Its fruits in substance will abound."
Quoth Black and White, "The world has found,
Substance the less, the more the sound."

Here is a sentence of thirty-two words which some ingenious child has constructed with just the letters found in the word maiden: "Ida, a maiden, a mean man named Ned Dean, and Media, a mad dame, made me mend a die and a dime, and mind a mine in a dim den in Maine."

Old Lord Alphinstone was asleep at church, while the minister, a very prosy preacher, was holding forth. At length the parson stopped, and cried, "Waukin, my Lord Alphinstone." A grunt, and then, "I'm no sleepin', minister." "But ye are sleepin'. I wager ye dinna ken what I said last." "Ye said, 'Waukin, my Lord Alphinstone.'" "Ay, ay, but I wager ye dinna ken what I said last afore that." "I wager ye dinna ken yoursel."

Why is Barnum's Museum like a good feather-bed?—Because it's *all down*.

Pawnbrokers have never been described as the pioneers of progress, although it must be admitted that they are always ready to make an advance.

The late Mr. Cobden used to tell the following anecdote: "When in America," said he, "I asked an enthusiastic American lady why her country could not rest satisfied with the immense unoccupied territories it already possessed, but must ever be hankering after the lands of its neighbors, when her somewhat remarkable reply was, 'Oh, the propensity is a very bad one, I admit; but we came honestly by it, for we inherited it from England.'"

A Legal Puzzle.—How strange it is that the counsel for the prisoner in criminal law pleases his client most when he acts in direct opposition to that client's conviction.

THE COQUETTE REPROVED.

"'Tis strange that I remain a maid,
Though fifty swains have homage paid!"
"The reason you have told," says Fanny,
"You just had forty-nine too many!"

A mayor of one of the communes in France lately made the following entry upon his register: "I, mayor of ——, found yesterday, in the forest of ——, a man, by the name of Rollin, committing an act against the laws. I commanded him to surrender, whereupon he set upon me, heaped me with insult and contumely; calling me a ragamuffin, a precious old dolt, and an awful and contemptible scarecrow—all of which I hereby certify to be strictly true."

At Fleba's facile tears her Lover sighs,
"Dry up, my dear!" and, "Darling, wipe your eyes!"
Alas! he finds his soft Persuasion's force
Has but enlarged and changed the Water-course;
For drops before—to vent her aqueous mind—
She shows a dreadful Waterfall behind.

There is nothing more damaging than the witness that proves too much. Miss Edgeworth tells us somewhere of an Irish peer, who, traveling in France with a negro servant, directed him, if questioned on the subject, always to say his master was a Frenchman. He was punctiliously faithful to his orders; but whenever he said, "My massa a Frenchman," he always added, "So am I."

DEFINITION OF A DENTIST.

A dentist, love, makes teeth of bone
For those whom fate has left without,
And finds provision for his own
By pulling other people's out.

We once heard of a rich man who was badly injured by being run over. "It isn't the accident," said he, "that I mind; that isn't the thing, but the idea of being run over by an infernal old swill cart, that's what makes me mad."

A Round Number.—Nought.

A Riddle by a Brute.—Why is a beard like common sense?—Because no woman possesses it.

A romantic young man says that a young woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

"My brudrin," said a colored preacher, descanting on the difficulties of the sinner, "it am easy to row a boat ober Niagary Falls, but a tremenjus job to row it back again."

There are no divorce laws in Turkey. When the Turks get jealous of their wives they *give 'em the sack*, and that's the last of 'em.

To some men it is indispensable to be worth money, for without it they would be worth nothing.

Question in Zoology.—What amount of cats does it require to make a large cat-amount.

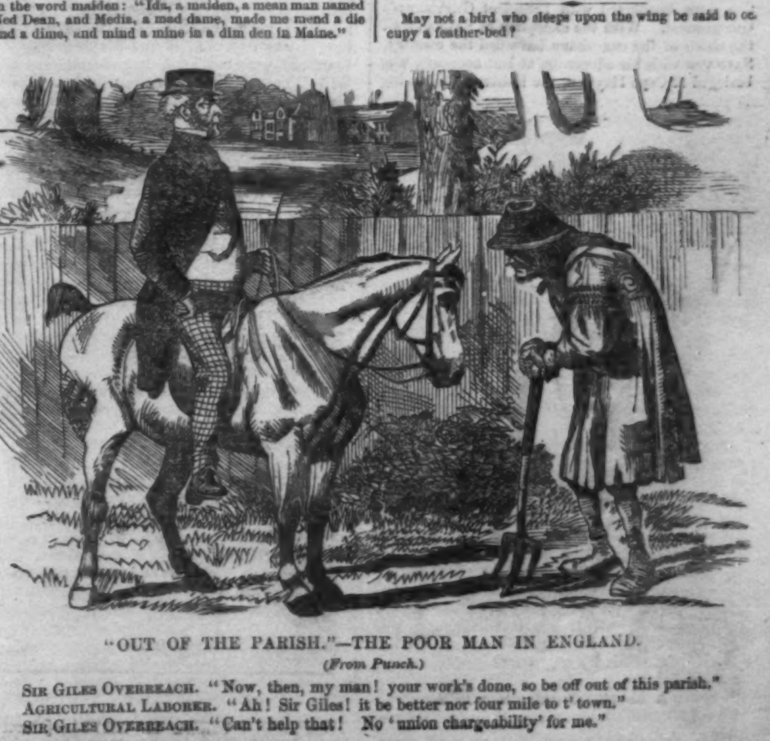
"E *pluri-buss* unum," as the saucy fellow said when he put the substance of half a dozen common kisses into one emphatic smack.

"Papa, why do they plant guns? do they grow and have leaves?" "No, my son; but, like plants, they shoot, and then others do the leaving."

Why are undertakers like professional pugilists?—Because they are always *boxing* people.

Advice to Orphans.—Go into the fields in July and you will find plenty of *poppies*.

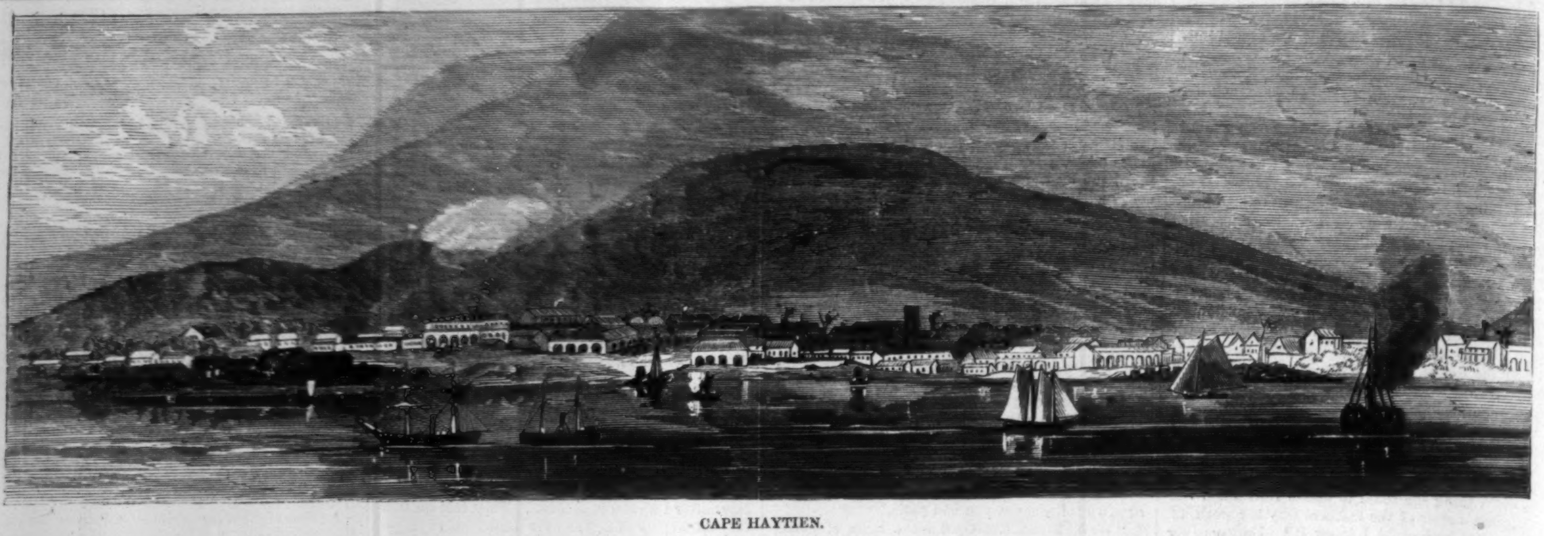
May not a bird who sleeps upon the wing be said to occupy a feather-bed?



"OUT OF THE PARISH."—THE POOR MAN IN ENGLAND.

(From Punch.)

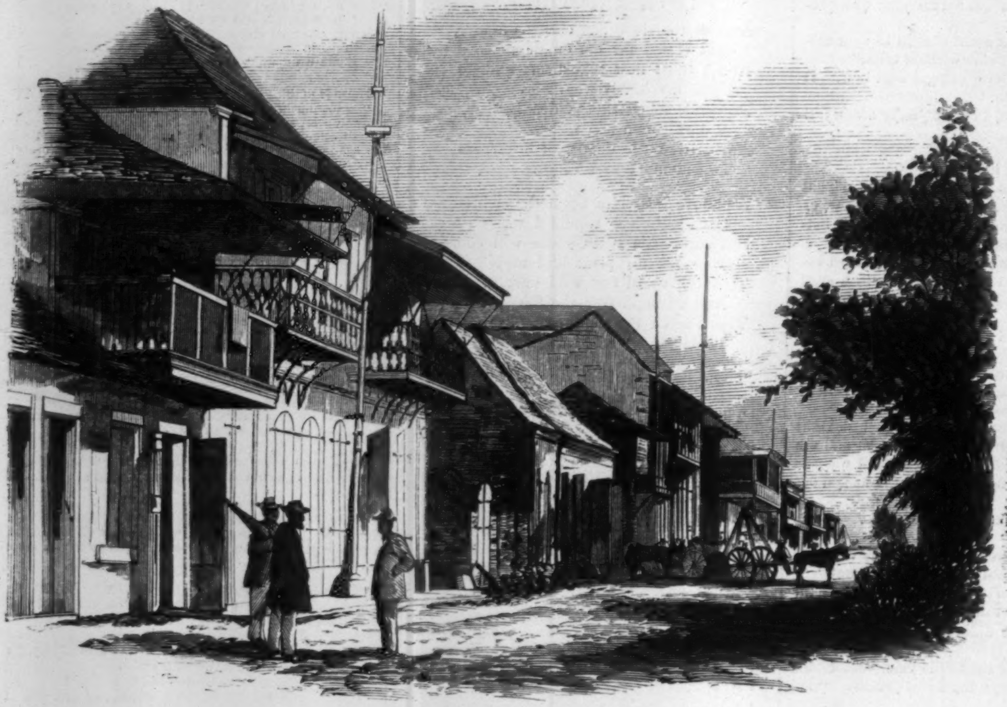
Sir Giles Overreach. "Now, then, my man! your work's done, so be off out of this parish."
Agricultural Laborer. "Ah! Sir Giles! it be better nor four mile to t' town."
Sir Giles Overreach. "Can't help that! No 'union chargeability' for me."



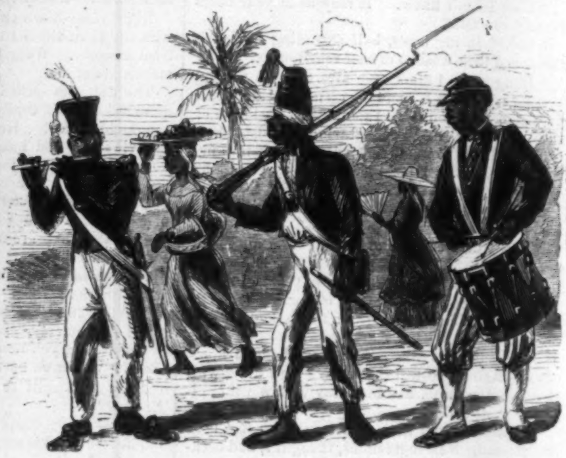
CAPE HAYTIEN.

THE REVOLUTION IN HAYTI.

For several months a revolution has been in progress in the Republic of Hayti against the Government of President **Geffrard**. The revolution was never of very formidable dimensions, and is now almost entirely suppressed. The affair originated outside the jurisdiction of the Haytien Government, having been inaugurated by mercenary troops enlisted in the adjoining republic by a Haytien outlaw. There were very few in Hayti who favored the attempt of the insurgents; and if the latter gained some successes at the first it was by a momentary terrorism, and through treachery, and not because any considerable portion of the population were disaffected with President **Geffrard**'s Government. With the exception of **Salnave** all the chiefs of the conspiracy have fled the country. **Salnave** with his adherents, at last accounts, was besieged at Cape Haytien, the insurrection having been every where else overthrown. The port of Cape Haytien was declared in a state of blockade on the 14th of May, and the war-steamers *Geffrard* and *Mariani* were stationed at the entrance of the harbor. In addition to this the Government had eight thousand men strongly posted on the heights overhanging the town, and a train of siege-guns were just landed and about to be put in position to bombard the place. The rebel forces, consisting chiefly of Dominicans, entirely cut off from succor, having suffered severely from the carbines of the Government sharp-shooters, were being constantly thinned by desertion, and their supplies were nearly exhausted; while the besieging forces, well supplied with provisions, were receiving continual accessions of men and munitions by land and water. Were it not that the commander of the Government forces, General Carrié, carrying out the President's desire, wishes to spare the effusion of blood and the horrors attending the taking of the town by assault, the affair might have been terminated sometime ago. The city was on the point of being captured, when, at the request of the foreign Consuls, there was a suspension of hostilities.

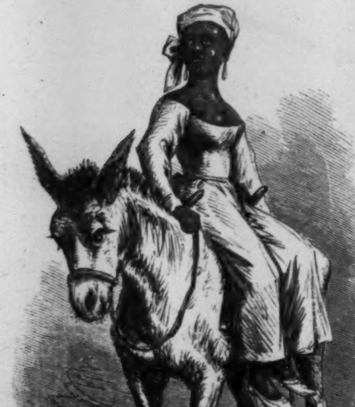


A STREET IN CAPE HAYTIEN.

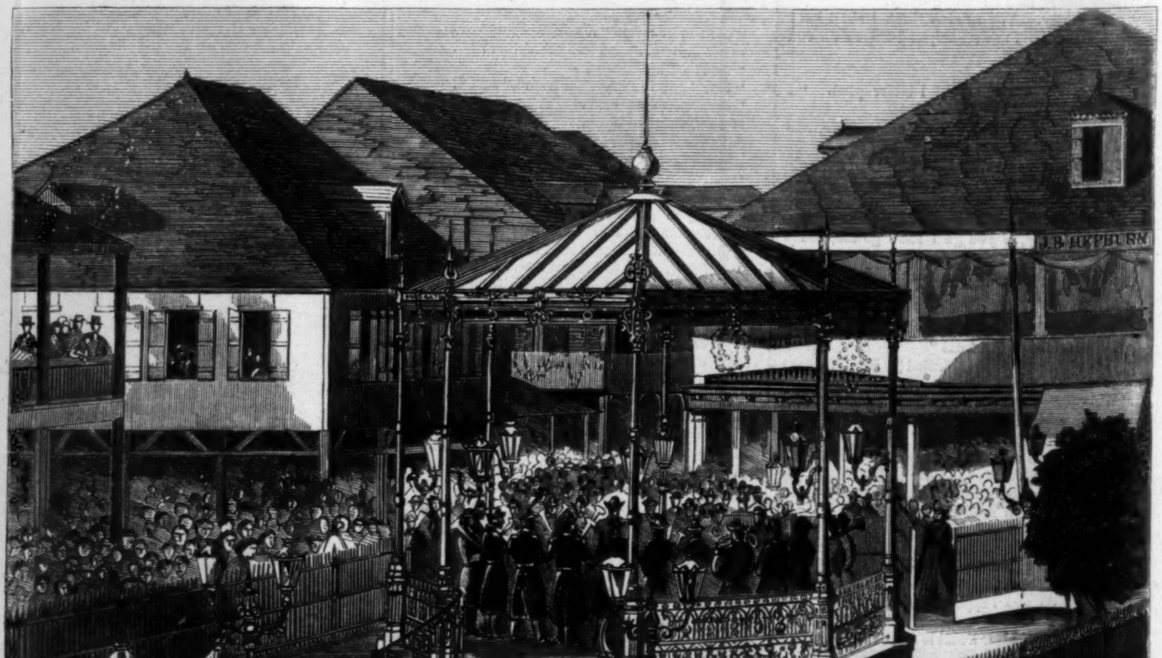


CORPS D'AFRIQUE, PORT-AU-PRINCE.

Cape Haytien, during the rebellion, was the head-quarters and coal-station for those vessels of our fleet employed for the convoy of California steamers. The town is situated on the north side of the isle of St. Domingo, and contains about 5000 inhabitants, engaged in the shipping of coffee, hides, and logwood, these being the productions of this part of the island. The leading mercantile houses are mostly foreign, and trade is principally carried on with France and this country. From its position and the excellence of its harbor Cape Haytien is second in importance only to Port-au-Prince, the capital. The houses usually are one story in height, though there are now in process of construction some very fine stores, the upper portions of which are designed as residences of the merchants' families. The ruins on every side of what were once fine buildings indicate the devastation occasioned by the earthquake which occurred some years since. Saturday is the great market-day at the Cape, being the only day devoted to that purpose. On that day provision must be made for the whole of the ensuing week. The market-stalls are all full, and every foot of

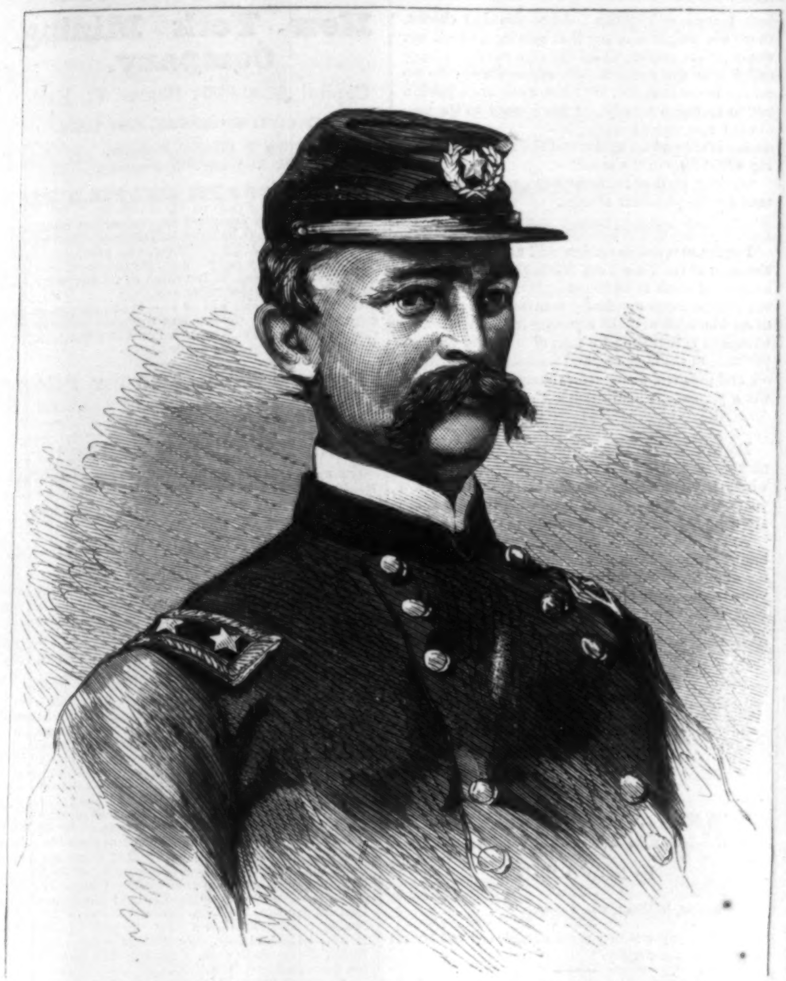


A BELLE OF CAPE HAYTIEN.

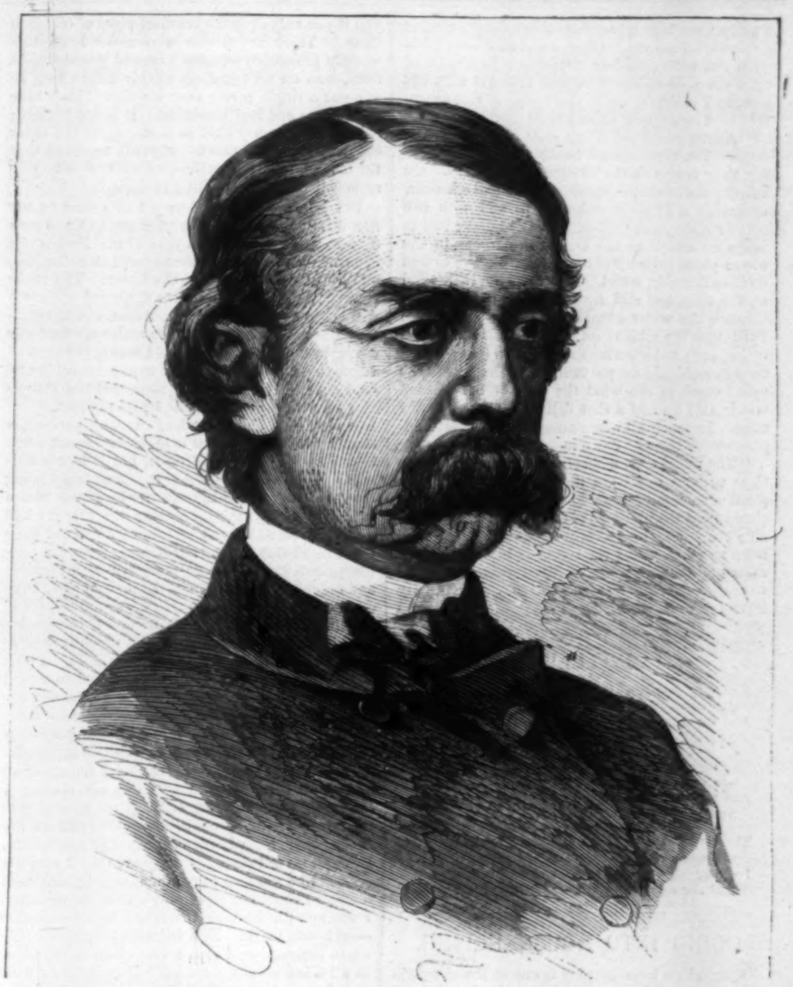


PLACE DU GEFFRARD, PORT-AU-PRINCE.

VIEWS IN HAYTI.—[From Sketches by Lieutenant M'Farland.]



MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES GRIFFIN.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 490.]



Mr. CLARENCE A. SEWARD.—Photographed by C. Etynge.—[See Page 490.]

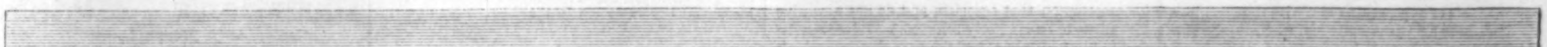
ground in the market-place is appropriated, those not fortunate enough to possess a stall sitting upon the ground with their wares spread on boards before them. Tropical fruits abound, and the scene is at once ludicrous and exciting. Piles of lemons strew the ground, while the negro women in their bright-colored turbans vend their wares to the crowd of vociferous negroes and whites collected around them. They speak a sort of patois, or French creole, interspersed with many a grunt—this latter being as expressive among Haytiens as a shrug is among Frenchmen. Their currency is mostly paper, which the natives prefer to specie. Here and there may be seen a Haytien soldier, who lives on sixteen cents per week, strutting about or chaffing with some vendor.

The natives of the island are very ignorant and superstitious. It is not long since twelve were shot at Port-au-Prince for cannibalism. The Roman Catholic religion generally prevails.

Revolutions are not unfrequent. That to which we previously alluded, and which occurred last May, began in Cape Haytien. Twenty-seven determined men marched in, and without opposition took possession of the place and established their government. The national troops, under the influence of fear, and carried over by treachery, joined the conspirators. At the same time a similar uprising took place at Gonaives, and here it was that President Geffrard made his first attack, defeating the revolutionists. He then marched on Cape Haytien. Here every thing was in an uproar, and many of the citizens fled to the ships lying in the harbor for refuge. Having driven the conspirators to extremities, President Geffrard issued a general amnesty proclamation. There was some difficulty in distributing this proclamation at the Cape, but as soon as the offer of pardon was known there was a reaction against the Provisional Government which had been established under Jean Joseph Francois.

When Geffrard's army moved against the place the Provisional President took refuge on the United States ship *Galatea*. Many of his confederate officers followed his example.

Says our correspondent: "The scenes in the streets of Cape Haytien during these days beggar description. Bands of women patroled the streets with boxes of broken bottles, stones, etc., on their heads wending their way to the front. Here you could see lines of women, with cannon-balls on their head and one in each hand, bound to the front; several pieces of rusty cannon were dragged through the streets entirely by women, commanded by a colored Colonel; and such yelling could scarcely find its equal any where. Bands of men entered houses seeking powder and fire-arms. All this time



THE TREDEGAR IRON-WORKS, AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—Photographed by Gardner, Washington.—[See Page 490.]

a party were kept ashore from the *Galatea* to protect the foreign interests. Officers and men were fairly tired out with ceaseless watching. In the mean time the men-of-war were well crowded with women and children, while the troops of Geffrard retreated some three miles and awaited the result.

"Affairs continued in this state until the 20th of June. The Government in the mean while massing their troops at the village of Petit Anse. On this day the rebels having fitted out a small schooner, mounting a 12-pounder amidships and with two small row-boats as tenders, proceeded under sail to make an attack on the Geffrard troops in the above place. Every glass in the fleet was turned on the advancing vessel. There was but little wind at the time, but still enough to send the vessel through the water at a fair rate. As she neared Petit Anse the soldiers could be seen flocking down to the beach, not knowing the reception that awaited them. Suddenly she put down her helm, and as the vessel came to the wind the clew of her foresail was hauled up and a shot delivered fairly into the town. Instantly all was commotion. Several field-pieces were brought down and opened fire.

"The vessel after a short contest returned to the Cape without loss. On the night of the 23d two small steamers arrived from Port-au-Prince and commenced the blockade of the harbor, thus cutting off all supplies, Geffrard's troops surrounding the town on all sides and the steamers blocking up the mouth of the harbor. And now they wait only for starvation to bring the rebels to terms. Eventually Salnave must surrender."

PHYLLIS.

The very first time that we chanced to meet
  She was tossing the new-mown hay,
And the hay-makers turned from their work to look,
  And called her their Queen in play.

The very next time that we chanced to meet
  She was seeking a lamb astray,
And the shepherds forgot to fold their flocks,
  And followed her all the way.

The very last time that we chanced to meet
  She was weeping—Ah, welladay!
I whispered, "Shall I be your sweet-heart, love?"
  And she said, "If you like, you may!"

GOING INTO HOUSEKEEPING.

Going into housekeeping is one of the events in a man's life to be numbered with the first pair of breeches, with casting off jackets (the shell of boyhood) to assume the tails of virility; with being married; with the becoming a father. It is an era in one's existence, a grand transformation scene, a great sensation!

But I must pause on the threshold of my castle to relate how I summoned up courage to "take" it. I will confess that I walked round it a good deal. I had difficulty in persuading myself that I was in a position to take a house and be the sole master of it. It was too much glory, too much happiness. When I called at the agent's office I was almost afraid lest the aged clerk might think me too young and inexperienced. I looked through the window for some time, and fancying that the clerk had a very full, I may say overflowing, sense of the responsible character required for taking a house, I had thoughts of approaching him with the ingenious evasion of the Scottish gentleman who said the sulphur was nae for himsel', but for a freen' ootside. I was haunted by the dread that I was not sufficiently responsible-looking; that I might look good for rent, but not for rent with rates and taxes combined.

Some say that the eyes are the windows of the soul, and the best signals of the character within; others go by the mouth, the nose, and the chin. Give me the voice. I have often been horribly frightened of great personages until I heard them speak, when all my dread vanished in an instant. The voice told me they were human. So, when I summoned up courage to address the house-agent's clerk, and he replied with a few words of ordinary greeting, I knew that he was a man. His eyes indicated nothing; his nose and chin were cast in the mould of severity. It was his voice that betrayed him. And the tones of his voice said, "I am only a clerk, my master doesn't give me much salary, and I like a glass of ale." Ah, that weakness of human nature for a glass of ale! Amiable, but fatal! When I observed that that clerk had a voice mellowed by malt I knew how to deal with him. There were "lots of parties after the house," he said. It was dry weather, I observed; would it be consistent with his duty to houses, land, and estates, if he were to step round the corner? He was a wonderfully intelligent clerk. He did not want sentences finished and oracles explained. He knew by intuition what stepping round the corner meant. He made me no direct answer, but just said, "George, mind the office for a minute or two."

"They keep a good glass of ale round the corner," he said, when we got outside. A glass of ale was the open sesame to that clerk's favor. He told me that there were several parties after the house, and that I must conclude the matter at once if I wanted it, as houses in that terrace were in great demand. In the warmth of his friendliness he let out a secret usually strictly guarded by house-agents—the name and address of the landlord. His parting advice to me was to see the landlord without an hour's delay, get the preference, and return and sign the agreement. I took the hint, got the preference, returned and signed the agreement, and, as I was passing out of the office, two of the "parties" who had been after the house were venting their wrath and disappointment upon the head of my friend the clerk, who had just informed them that the house was let.

A glass of ale did it! It is not that there is much in a glass of ale, but such small acts of largess are regarded as friendly, and they beget friendliness. In this world there are many little treasure boxes of favor and good-will that fly wide open to you if you only drop the smallest piece of coin into them. There are people who never learn this worldly philosophy—penny wise and pound foolish folks, who on all occasions sternly refuse to give any one a single penny over his due. They save their pence and lose hundreds. It is not bribery; it is not the money that does it. It is the favor begotten by a good heart. My only regret is, that the mediumship of friendliness should be so largely monopolized by "something to drink."

But I have been standing all this time on my new door-step. Well, it is pleasant to stand on a door-step that you can call your own. No one else can come here with dirty feet except on sufferance, and by kind permission of the lessee. The sticks showed well when they were dispersed—thinly I will confess—over the various rooms, and the deal-top table hiding its ruggedness under a velvet-pile cover, looked quite splendid. I was never tired of wandering from room to room to admire my household gods. Yes, they were *mine*, and the Temple also was *mine*—at least while I paid my rent.

And then I had a garden. It was, perhaps, a stretch of courtesy to call it so, for it was not much bigger than a good-sized room, but it had a full-grown lime-tree at the end of it. And fancy being the sole lessee of a full-grown tree! It was such a tall, wide-spreading, umbrageous tree, that if I had sent it to an anatomist of means, he would have pronounced this opinion: "Judging from the tree, the proprietor is a person possessed of a mansion and an extensive domain." I may tell you, however, that it was well the tree grew upward, for if it had been in its nature to lie down, the garden would not have contained it. So much tree to so little garden I never knew before nor since. I took a vast deal of pride in that tree. I used to ascend Primrose Hill to gaze on its top from afar, and say to myself, "Yonder is *my* tree, and close by is *my* roof." One may indeed think himself somebody when he has a tree that can be seen two miles off.

On the first night of possession I remained up until long past midnight admiring my rooms. I sat down in them all, one after the other, gazing at their proportions—though not noble—and at my sticks, which looked so domestic in their new sphere. I caught myself saying, "They are mine! they are mine!" like a demon in a drama, only in beneficent tones. I could not rest in my bed in the morning. I was up with the dawn to see how my house looked—*my* house, mark. New brooms sweep clean. As a new householder I swept very clean in attending to all a householder's duties. Every night I went round to see that all the doors were locked. What pride to think that I had doors—not merely one door, but four; front, back, garden and kitchen, and an outer gate! And all *my* property, sole and undivided! I neglected no part of my duty. I employed men to examine the drains and the water supply; I was quite delighted when I found that my roof had a slate off, and one of my chimneys smoked and wanted a cowl. I called in plumbers and tinsmiths to put them to rights, and in the pride of being a householder, paid the charges out of my own pocket, when I might have sent my bill to my landlord. I was eager to pay taxes, and was quite impatient until they were applied for. The total amount was something that I could give a check for. And I gave a check for it on the first application. I remember that the collector looked at me quite aghast. (I have come to understand his emotion on that occasion, and do not now give him cause to be similarly affected.) I dare say he said to himself as he closed the gate that it wouldn't last. If he did, he was quite right. It didn't last. About that check: it was the first one I had ever drawn. I had had a virgin check-book in my pocket for nearly four-and-twenty hours, and was dying to fill up one of the little slips and sign my name at the bottom of it. I am sure I must have spoiled a whole quire of letter-paper practicing my signature. Should I sign myself Sam: or Samuel at full length? Should I have a flourish or no flourish? Which was the easier to forge, a signature with a flourish or a signature without a flourish? I decided upon a flourish, but in the flurry of signing for the taxes I forgot the flourish, and, as the flourish did not correspond with the signature which I had previously given at the bank, there were inquiries—naturally, it being the first check—and I had to give explanations. It was a noble thing, was it not, to draw my first check for taxes? When I am a lawyer of seven years' standing I shall, on this score, apply for a Commissionership of Internal Revenue. It was for some weeks a source of much pride to me to think that the street-lamp opposite was partly my property; that I helped to pay for it; that I helped to pay for the sewers which they were always taking up to look at and put down again. (I subscribed to every thing; a man had only to come to the door with a paper, and he got the money on the instant.) When a policeman passed, I said to myself, "That officer of the peace is partly my property; how much of him I don't know, possibly only the buckle of his stock, but I pay for a portion of him at any rate." So when I saw a soldier, I calculated that perhaps a button belonged to me. It was in that week that I caught myself telling a beggar to be-gone, that I paid poor's-rates enough, and that there was the work-house for him—the work-house which *I* helped to support.

"Yes; the collector was quite right. It didn't last. After a week or two I let the doors take their chance. I was getting used to doors, and going round every night to see that they were bolted and barred was a nuisance, especially when one was weary with the cares of life and householding and wanted to get to bed. After a year or two I told the collector to call again. I told the water-rates to wait; when men came to the door with papers I looked about for my policeman, albeit I took no pride in him now; when my tree shed its leaves and littered the garden with its sere and yellow foliage, which rotted in the rain and exhaled noxious vapors, I had thought of laying the axe at its roots. When my door required a new patent lock that cost two dollars I had no longer any satisfaction in being its sole proprietor; when my roof began to have a slate off regularly every month, my love turned to loathing. As to drawing checks, there are people who say that getting a check out of me is like getting blood out of a stone. I have found that the taxes in the aggregate are by no means inconsiderable; that the rates are a burden not to be borne tamely. I have come to the conclusion that housekeeping is— "Please, Sir, the drains is stopped up again, and the water is a standing a foot deep in the aree!"

Oh dear, oh dear! Excuse me, will you, I must send for the plumbers at once.

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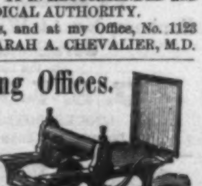

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